Nov. 29, 1930

THE NEW YORKER

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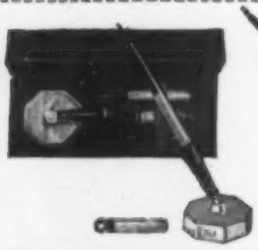

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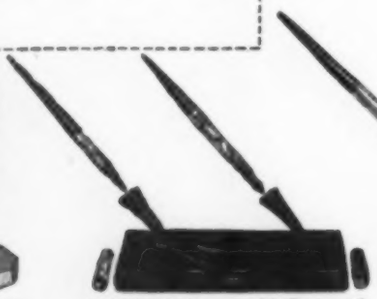

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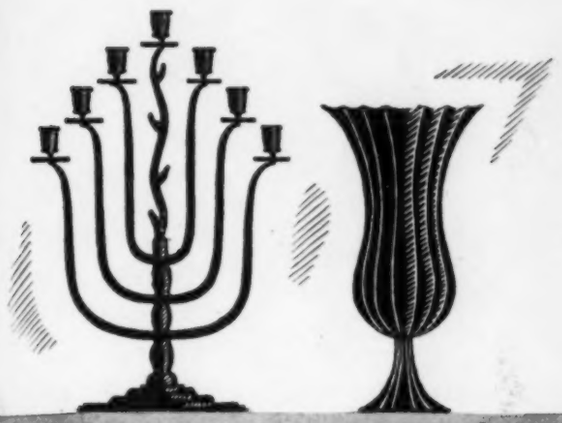

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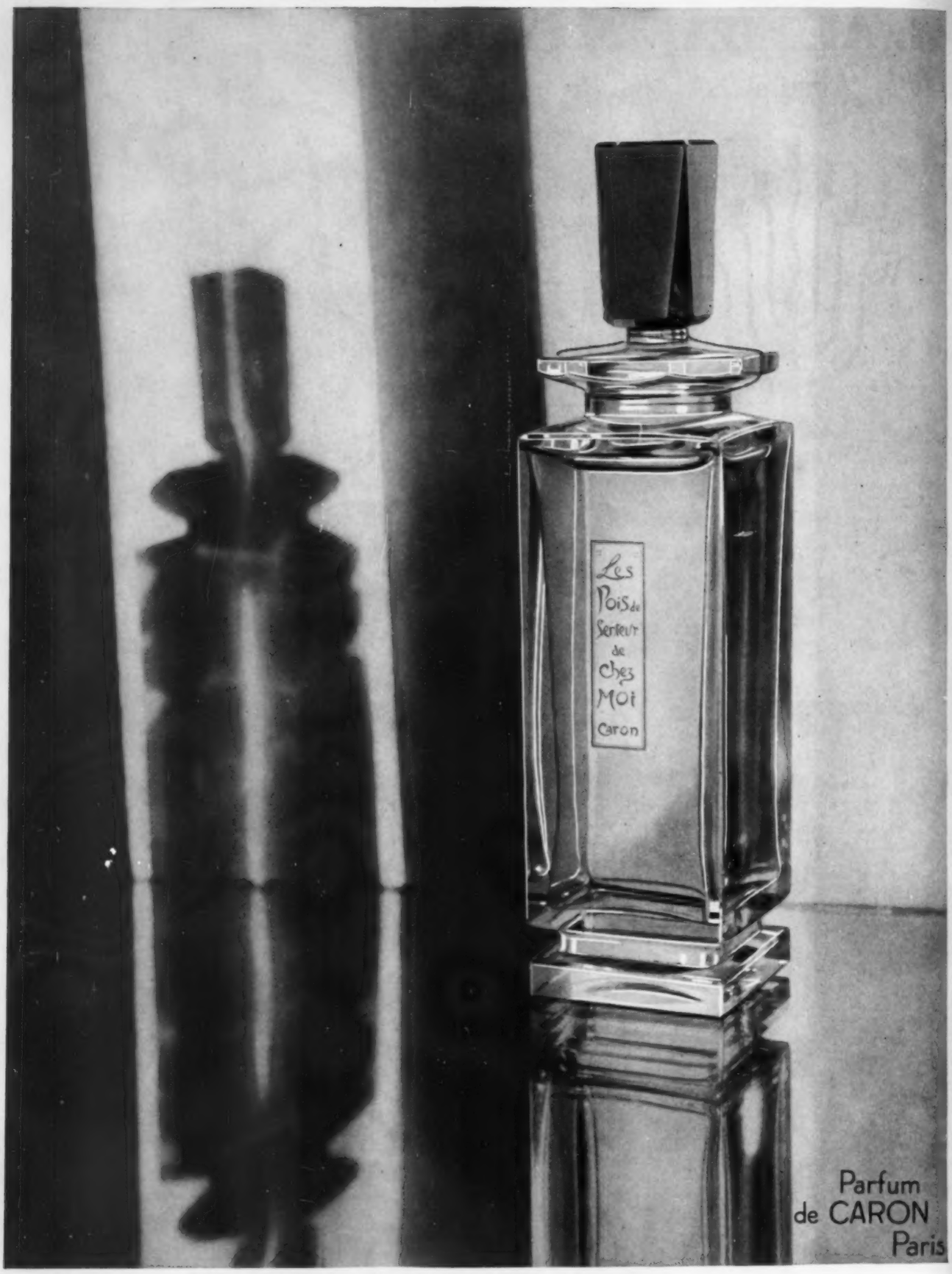

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JOHN WANAMAKER
The CHRISTMAS STORE

WE'RE utterly old fashioned when it comes to Christmas cheer . . . so once again we cry you all—a season of great joy and the merriest of Christmas Days . . . New Yorkers! Manhattanites and every stranger within the city gates . . . once more we've set the scene for this happiest of seasons . . . The mistletoe is cut from oaken bough . . . we've hung the holly high and dragged the Yule log in Romance is everywhere in this great store, so full of little happy ghosts of other Christmas seasons . . . here in the heart of *Little Old New York* . . . remembering a charming city of low roofs and wide-welcoming doorways . . . of ladies in crinolines and gentlemen in beaver hats . . . of little streets all blanketed with snow . . . of sleigh bells chiming on the frosty air . . . of friendly hearts and neighbors well beloved . . . that gracious yesterday still colors all the life at Wanamaker's.

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(right)

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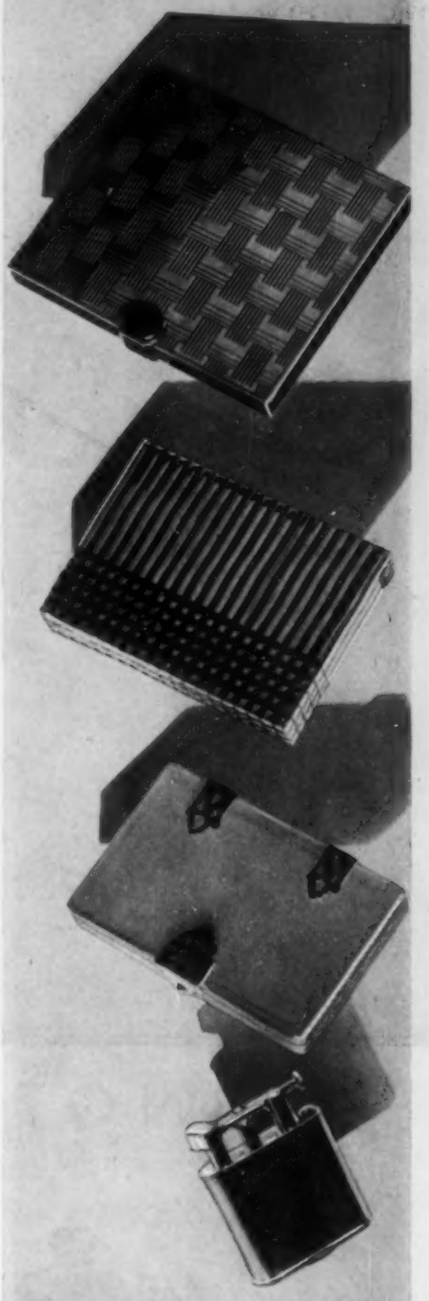

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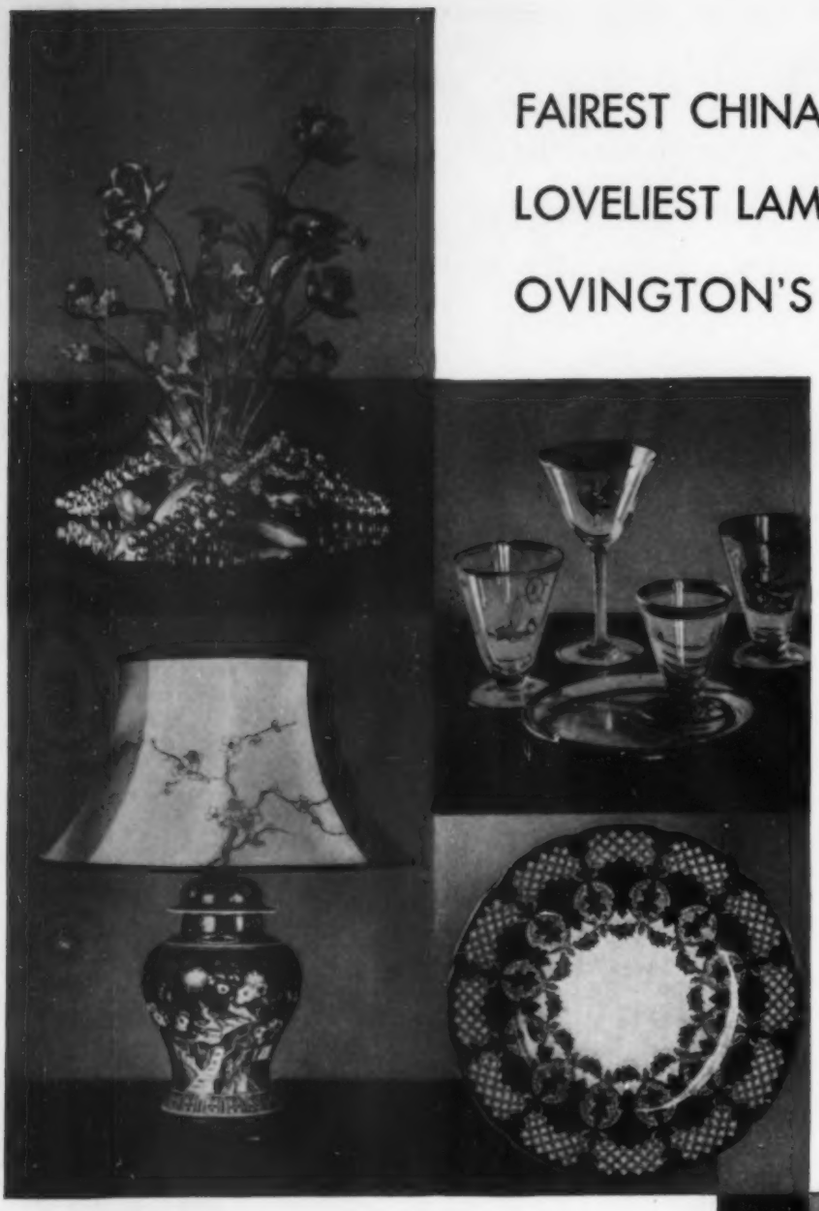

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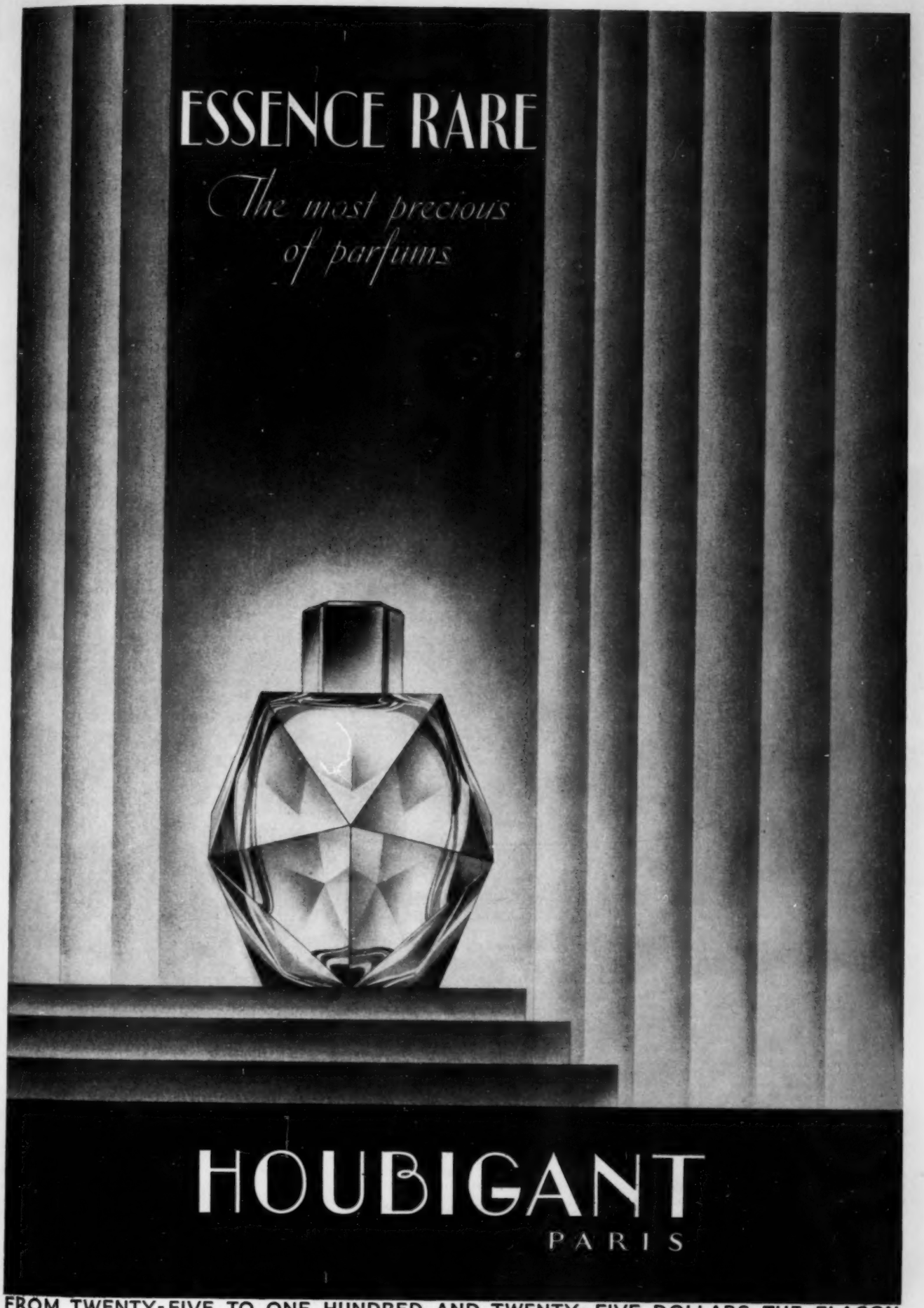

FROM TWENTY-FIVE TO ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS THE FLACON

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS ESPECIALLY WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 28, THROUGH SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6]

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:50 P.M. for attractions listed under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the mid-week matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ART AND MRS. BOTTLE—Jane Cowl in a nicely amusing comedy about a mother who returns after a twenty-year sabbatical to find her children suffering from Art and Love. She sets them right. Performances Fri. through Wed., Nov. 28-Dec. 3. (Maxine Elliott, 39, E. 8:40 P.M.)

BIRD IN HAND—Return engagement of Drinkwater's quietly amusing comedy, wherein three travellers aid the daughter of a stubborn old English innkeeper to marry against her father's wishes. (49th Street, 49, W. Closes Sat., Nov. 29.)

CIVIC REPERTORY THEATRE—Directed by Eva Le Gallienne—"A Sunny Morning" and "The Women Have Their Way." (Sat. Eve., Nov. 29.) . . . "Alison's House," a play by Susan Glaspell, based on the life of Emily Dickinson, opens Mon. Eve., Dec. 1. (Repeated Wed. and Fri. Eves., Dec. 3 and 5.) . . . "Siegfried," from the French of Jean Giraudoux, with Jacob Ben-Ami. (Tues. Eve., Dec. 2.) . . . "Peter Pan," revival of the Barrie fantasy. (Thurs. Mat., Dec. 4.) . . . "Romeo and Juliet," with Miss Le Gallienne as Juliet. (Thurs. Eve. and Sat. Mat., Dec. 4 and 6.) . . . "Hedda Gabler," Ibsen revival. (Sat. Eve., Dec. 6.) (Civic Repertory, 14, W. of 6 Ave. 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.)

ELIZABETH, THE QUEEN—A colorful and well-written play by Maxwell Anderson about that old pair of cronies, Elizabeth and Essex. Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt do the right thing by them. (Guild, 52, W. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs., 2:40 P.M.)

GRAND HOTEL—A house-detective's-eye view of a Berlin hotel, making the most consistently interesting show in town, and skillfully done by a cast which includes Eugénie Leontovich, Henry Hull, Siegfried Rumann, Hortense Alden, and Sam Jaffe. (National, 41, W. 8:30 P.M.)

THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR IT—You'll get some laughs out of three kept ladies getting fried—if you don't mind laughing at that. (Harris, 42, W.)

THE GREEN PASTURES—Easily the most unusual and satisfying play of last season. An all-Negro cast in a naïve account of the Old Testament. (Mansfield, 47, W. 8:30 P.M.)

LADIES ALL—An ardent seeker discovers perfect love, but has to find who provided it. With Violet Heming and Walter Woolf. (Bijou, 45, W.)

LYSISTRATA—A fine production of Aristophanes' comedy of sex life among the Greeks, which ought to amuse everyone who believes in laughing out loud instead of leering. The cast includes Blanche Yurka and Ernest Truex. (44th Street, 44, W. 8:40 P.M.)

THE MAN IN POSSESSION—Isabel Jeans and Leslie Banks in an English comedy which is light enough to have no pretensions and deals with an officer of the law who gets to like his job so well that he lives with it. (Booth, 45, W.)

MRS. MOONLIGHT—What happens when you don't show your age. Edith Barrett as the young woman who grew to be an old lady without anybody's knowing it. Sir Guy Standing and Haidee Wright are of considerable value. (Charles Hopkins, 49, E. Mats. Wed. and Thurs.)

ON THE SPOT—Chicago gangsters put on the spot and kidded to death by Edgar Wallace, in a melodrama which would be all right even if it weren't funny. Crane Wilbur and Anna May Wong are in it. (Forrest, 49, W.)

ONCE IN A LIFETIME—Hollywood put over the coals in such a hilarious fashion that the city's walls ought to come tumbling down. (Music Box, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

ROAR CHINA!—The Theatre Guild showing in spectacular fashion with a real battleship and everything, just how downtrodden the Chinese can really be. (Martin Beck, 45, W. Mat. Thurs. 2:50 P.M.)

STRICTLY DISHONORABLE—Real light comedy and worth seeing. Don't think it's salacious simply because a young girl is almost seduced. It is very, very clean. (Avon, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

THAT'S GRATITUDE—Another Frank Craven comedy, as agreeable as they always are, only with not quite enough Frank Craven this time. He is a theatrical producer who makes a long visit during the dull season, but pays for it in the end. (Golden, 58, E. 2:40 and 8:40 P.M.)

TONIGHT OR NEVER—The story of an opera-singer who this time really can sing—and does. Miss Helen Gahagan goes through a fate worse than death for her Art. (Belasco, 44, W. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs., 2:40 P.M.)

TWELFTH NIGHT—Jane Cowl giving Shakespeare a fine break. Performances Thurs. through Sat., Dec. 4-6. (Maxine Elliott, 39, E. 8:40 P.M.)

UNCLE VANYA—Jed Harris' splendid production of Chekhov's fine comedy, if you call frustration and futility comedy. Lillian Gish, Walter Connelly, Osgood Perkins, and Zita Johann are in it. (Biltmore, 47, W. Closes Sat., Nov. 29.)

UP POPS THE DEVIL—Some very funny lines incident to telling a fairly old story of married life in Greenwich Village. (Masque, 45, W.)

THE VINEGAR TREE—Mary Boland at her best in a hilariously funny comedy about a woman who tried to recapture what she remembered, rather sketchily, as being an old love. (Playhouse, 48, E. 8:40 P.M.)

WITH MUSIC

BROWN BUDDIES—Maybe not such a big show as "Blackbirds," but a great deal funnier. Bill Robinson is in it. (Liberty, 42, W.)

EARL CARROLL VANITIES—Very dirty, but often very funny thanks to Jimmie Savo, Jack Benny, Herb Williams, and Patsy Kelly. The girls seem to be excentionally good-looking. (New Amsterdam, 42, W.)

FINE AND DANDY—Joe Cook in a show which fits him. And maybe that isn't high praise. (Erlanger, 44, W.)

FLYING HIGH—Bert Lahr making a good show into a grand one. (Apollo, 42, W.)

GIRL CRAZY—Something smart in musical comedy. Willie Howard, Ginger Rogers, Ethel Merman, and Gershwin music. (Alvin, 52, W.)

NINA ROSA—A good, solid, technically perfect musical comedy which marches along at a splendid pace. With Guy Robertson, Ethelind Terry, Leonard Ceeley, and Armida. (Majestic, 44, W.)

PRINCESS CHARMING—A beautiful production and a great deal that is worth seeing and hearing in an old-fashioned comic opera. Evelyn Herbert, Jeanne Aubert, Victor Moore, George Grossmith, and Robert Halliday are in it. (Imperial, 45, W.)

SMILES—One of Mr. Ziegfeld's less successful attempts to startle New York, but containing, nevertheless, the Astaires and Marilyn Miller, which means something. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. Mat. Thurs.)

THREE'S A CROWD—Clifton Webb, Fred Allen, and Libby Holman in the best revue in town. (Selwyn, 42, W. Mat. Thurs.)

•

LA ARGENTINA—Still another recital by the extraordinary Spanish dancer: Tues. Eve., Dec. 2, at 8:30. (Town Hall, 43, E.)

ANGNA ENTERS—Episodes and compositions in dance form: Fri. through Sun. Eves., Nov. 28-30, at 8:30; Sat. Mat., Nov. 29, at 2:30. (Comedy, 41, E.)

VAUDEVILLE—Ted Healy, Mary Lewis, and Vanessi will be at the Palace Fri., Nov. 28. (Palace, B'way at 47. 2:20 and 8:20 P.M.)

FOR CHILDREN—The Charlotte Lund Opera Co. in "Cinderella," Fri. Morn., Nov. 28, at 11. (Town Hall, 43, E.) . . . The Children's Players (a company of adult professional actors) in A. A. Milne's "Make Believe," Fri. Aft., Nov. 28, at 4. (Princess, 39, E.) . . . The Juvenile Players in "Pirates of Penzance," Sat. Aft., Dec. 29, at 2:30; in "The Wizard of Oz," Sat. Aft., Dec. 6, at 2:30. (Heckscher, 5 Ave. at 104.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify dates.)

THIS IS NEW YORK—A new comedy by Robert E. Sherwood, with Lois Moran and Geoffrey Kerr. Opens Fri., Nov. 28. (Plymouth, 45, W. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

A KISS OF IMPORTANCE—Basil Rathbone in a comedy adapted from the French by Arthur Hornblow, Jr. Opens Mon., Dec. 1. (Fulton, 46, W. 8:40 P.M.)

THE NEW YORKERS—The Cole Porter-Herbert Fields-Peter Arno revue, with Clayton, Jackson, and Durante, Frances Williams, Hope Williams, Ann Pennington, and Waring's Pennsylvanians. Opens Thurs., Dec. 4. (Broadway, B'way at 53. 8:30 P.M.)

Opened too late for review in this issue:

SCARLET SISTER MARY—Daniel A. Reed's dramatization of Julia Peterkin's novel, with Ethel Barrymore and her daughter, Ethel Barrymore Colt. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. 8:45 P.M.)

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THE NEW YORKER
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AFTER THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

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AMBASSADOR GRILL, Park at 51 (Wickersham 1000)—Park Avenue atmosphere, with this season's débutantes.*

CENTRAL PARK CASINO (Rhinelander 3034)—After-theatre dancing in a Joseph Urban setting to music by Leo Reisman; crooning by Ethel Merman.*

CLUB EL PATIO, 134 W. 52 (Circle 4863)—Emil Coleman's orchestra, with dancing by Rosita and Ramon and singing by Frances Maddux.*

CLUB LIDO, 7 Ave. at 52 (Columbus 2840)—Moss and Fontana in new dances and Libby Holman in new songs. What more could you want? Must dress.

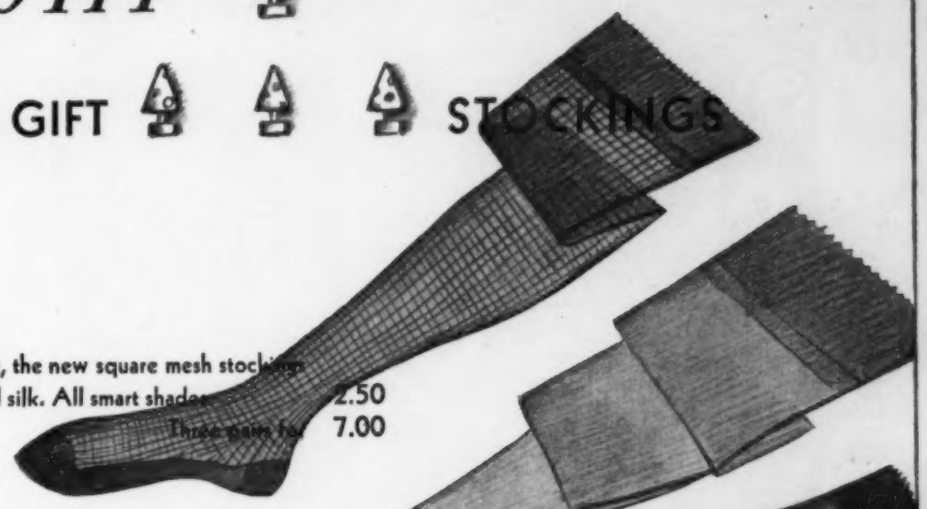
CLUB MONTMARTRE, 205 W. 50 (Circle 6673)—Always a favorite. Music by Joe Moss and his Meyer Davis orchestra. Must dress.

CLUB RICHMAN, 157 W. 56 (Circle 3203)—High-hat Broadway. Jeanne Aubert, Emile Boreo,

(Continued on page 12)

PARFAIT

CHRISTMAS GIFT STOCKINGS



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Parfait needlepoint, the new square mesh stocking —grenadine and all silk. All smart shades 2.50
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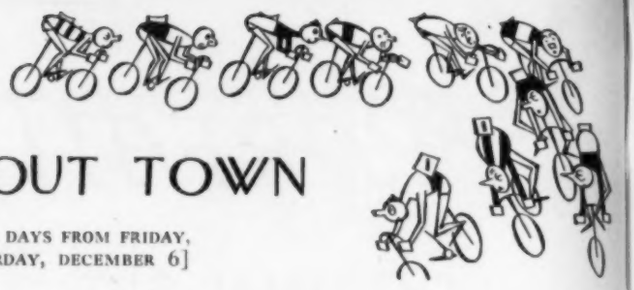
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 28, THROUGH SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6]

(Continued from page 10)

Lina Basquette, and Cortez and Peggy provide the entertainment.*

GRILL NEPTUNE, Hotel Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (Regent 5901)—A handsome new room for supper dancing, with the same charm as the old Pierre's. Dances by Medrano and Donna. Must dress.

SEAGLADE, Hotel St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 61 (Plaza 4500)—Undersea decorations and Vincent Lopez music. Must dress.

VILLA VALLÉE, 10 East 60 (Volunteer 0351)—Rudy Vallée, in person, and his orchestra.*

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—Among the more interesting night clubs of this type are: Club Abbey, 203 W. 54, open all night and not for débutantes. . . . Salon Royal, 310 W. 58, also open late, with Mme. Florence and her gang. . . . Club Argonaut, 151 W. 54, Texas Guinan's place, open until dawn. . . . Chateau Madrid, 231 W. 54, with Joe Lewis. . . . Hollywood Restaurant, B'way at 48, with a big, noisy, Broadway crowd, no cover charge, and an elaborate revue.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—Barney's, 85 W. 3 (Spring 8191), has an uptown clientele and is very good fun. . . . The County Fair, 54 E. 9; The Four Trees, 1 Sheridan Square; and Mori's, 144 Bleecker, are informal, pleasant, and not too costly. . . . With Spanish trimmings: El Chico, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq.

RUSSIAN MOTIF—Two of the better-known places are: Club Sadko, 100 W. 57; and The Russian Art, 2 Ave. at 12.

NOTES—Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians play in the Roosevelt Grill, Madison at 45.* . . . There is supper dancing every Saturday in the Persian Garden of the Ritz-Carlton, Madison at 46. Must dress.

MOTION PICTURES

AFRICA SPEAKS—The wilds again, but with some new and startling scenes. (Little Carnegie, 57, E. of 7 Ave.; Sat. through Tues., Nov. 29-Dec. 2; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

HELL'S ANGELS—In spite of a tedious story, this is by far the best picture of aviation in the war. You see all the flying if you arrive about 9:20 and leave by 10:30—our advice. (Criterion, B'way at 44; and Gaiety, B'way at 46; 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

LAUGHTER—Nancy Carroll in a story of the hardships of the rich. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Thurs. and Fri., Dec. 4 and 5; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

MIN AND BILL—Marie Dressler in a good, sturdy waterfront drama. (Capitol, B'way at 51; performances continuous from 11:30 A.M.)

MOROCCO—Gary Cooper and the new German actress, Marlene Dietrich, in an exciting drama of the Foreign Legion. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; performances continuous from 9:30 A.M.)

WHOOPEE—The Ziegfeld-Eddie Cantor show successfully screened, all in color. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Sat. through Mon., Nov. 29-Dec. 1; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

ZWEI HERZEN IM 3-4 TAKT—Delightful Viennese operetta (in German) with very tuneful music. (55th Street, 55, E. of 7 Ave., performances continuous from noon.)

NEWS REEL THEATRE—All you want of current events for a quarter. (Embassy, B'way at 46; continuous from 10 A.M. to midnight.)

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "All Quiet on the Western Front," life in the trenches, from Remarque's great novel; "The Big House," the best of the prison pictures; "Feet First," the usual Harold Lloyd performance but still pretty funny; "Lincoln," the familiar legend picturesquely presented, with a first-rate performance by Walter Huston; "Monte Carlo," a bright musical piece, with Jeanette MacDonald and Jack Buchanan; "The Office Wife," the idyll of the businessman and his secretary; "Old English," George Arliss' splendid portrait of an octogenarian; "Outward Bound," Sutton Vane's play done over for the screen—and well done, too; "Tol'able David," the talking version of the old, tense picture of Southern mountaineers.

ART

AMERICANS—The latest canvases of the group consisting of Dickinson, Kuniyoshi, Spencer, etc.: Daniel, 600 Madison, above 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

GERMANS—Men who are carrying the dim torch in the Fatherland, including Klee: S.P.R. Galleries, penthouse of 40 E. 49. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.

LURÇAT—One of the best of the younger generation of French: Valentine, 69 E. 57. Last two days, Fri. and Sat., Nov. 28 and 29. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

MARIN—Fifty recent water colors of New Mexico and New York by a first-line American painter: An American Place, Room 1710, 509 Madison. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

SCULPTURE—A comparative show of Egyptian, Greek, Roman, Chinese, etc., examples; and French sculptured portraits from the twelfth to twentieth century: Demotte, 25 E. 78. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

VENETIAN—Masterpieces of the fifteenth through the eighteenth century: Van Diemen, 21 E. 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

MUSIC

(Performances begin at 3 and 8:30 P.M., unless otherwise specified, and are listed in chronological order.)

RECITALS

PADEREWSKI—If you can get tickets: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Nov. 29.

ERNEST HUTCHESON—Chopin program by one of the finest pianists: Carnegie Hall, Sun. Aft., Nov. 30.

JOHN CHARLES THOMAS—An out-of-the-ordinary recital: Town Hall, Sun. Aft., Nov. 30.

POVLA FRIJSCH—Unusual music by a specialist in songs: Town Hall, Mon. Eve., Dec. 1.

HAROLD TRIGGS—A young pianist of uncommon accomplishments: Town Hall, Tues. Aft., Dec. 2.

MARION KERBY AND JOHN NILES—Songs of the South, without the usual concert mannerisms: Barbizon-Plaza, Thurs. Eve., Dec. 4.

ALEXANDER BRAILOWSKY—Chopin and Liszt in the bravura manner: Carnegie Hall, Wed. Eve., Dec. 5.

MISCHA LEVITZKI—Just one Grade-A pianist after another! : Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Dec. 5.

HAROLD BAUER—And again: Town Hall, Sat. Aft., Dec. 6.

GABRILOWITSCH—With the Detroit Symphony Quartet; chamber music in intimate surroundings: Barbizon-Plaza, 6 Ave. at 58, Sat. Eve., Dec. 6.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Stokowski conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Aft., Nov. 28 at 2:30; Metropolitan Opera House, Sun. Aft., Nov. 30; Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., Dec. 4, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Dec. 5, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Dec. 6, at 8:45. . . . Schelling conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Morn., Nov. 29 (Young People's Concert—for ages 12 to 18); Sat. Morn., Dec. 6 (Children's Concert—for ages 6 to 12).

MANHATTAN SYMPHONY—Hadley conducting: Mecca Temple, Sun. Eve., Nov. 30.

CLEVELAND ORCHESTRA—Sokoloff conducting: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., Dec. 2.

DON COSSACK RUSSIAN MALE CHORUS—Jaroff conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Dec. 6.

OPERA

METROPOLITAN—"Faust," Fri. Eve., Nov. 28, at 8:15; Moussorgsky's "The Fair at Sorochintzy," American première, Sat. Aft., Nov. 29, at 2; "Die Walküre," Sat. Eve., Nov. 29, at 8; Opera Concert, Sun. Eve., Nov. 30, at 8:30. (Schedule for other dates to be announced.)

ON THE AIR

WALTER DAMROSCH—Music Appreciation Hour: Fri. Morn., Dec. 5, at 11, over WEAF and WJZ. . . . Conducting symphony orchestra, in General Electric Hour: Sat. Eves., Nov. 29 and Dec. 6, at 9, over WEAF.

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Schelling conducting: Sat. Morns., Nov. 29 (Young People's Concert) and Dec. 6 (Children's Concert), at 11, over WABC. . . . Stokowski conducting: Sun. Aft., Nov. 30, at 3, over WABC.

GIOVANNI MARTINELLI—Tenor soloist, in Atwater Kent Hour: Sun. Eve., Nov. 30, at 9:15, over WEAF.

MANHATTAN SYMPHONY—Hadley conducting: Sun. Eve., Nov. 30, at 9:30, over WOR.

PHILCO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Barlow conducting: Tues. Eve., Dec. 2, at 9:30, over WABC.

ROCHESTER PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA—Goossens conducting: Fri. Aft., Dec. 5, at 3:15, over WJZ.

FOOTBALL GAMES—Sat. Aft., Nov. 29: Army vs. Notre Dame, at 2:15, over WJZ and WABC; Dartmouth vs. Stanford (broadcast from San Francisco), at 4:45, over WEAF. . . . Sat. Aft., Dec. 6: Navy vs. Pennsylvania, at 1:45, over WEAF and WABC.

SPORTS

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden (preliminaries start at 8:15): Bud Taylor vs. Fidel La Barba, 10 rounds, Fri. Eve., Nov. 28.

FOOTBALL—Sat., Dec. 6, at 2 P.M.—N.Y.U. vs. Colgate (benefit game for unemployed), Yankee Stadium. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Jerome Ave. subway.) . . . Navy vs. Pennsylvania, Franklin Field, Philadelphia. (Last train which gets you there in time leaves Penn. Sta., 11 A.M.)

OTHER EVENTS

AUTOMOBILE SALON—Specializing in coachwork and expensive domestic and foreign cars: Hotel Commodore, Lexington at 42. Opens Sun., Nov. 30, at 8 P.M.; daily thereafter 11 A.M. to 11 P.M., through Sat., Dec. 6.

SIX-DAY BIKE RACE—At Madison Square Garden. Preliminary sprints, Sat. Eve., Nov. 29, at 8:30. The six-day race starts Sun. Eve., Nov. 30, at 9, and continues through Sat. Eve., Dec. 6.

PUBLIC BALLS—Newspaper Club Ball: Hotel Astor, Fri. Eve., Nov. 28, at 11. . . . New Masses Costume Ball: Webster Hall, 119 E. 11, Fri. Eve., Dec. 5, at 10.

SANITARY FAIR—The Brooklyn Junior League's reproduction of The Sanitary Fair of 1864: Hotel St. George, Clark St., Brooklyn, Thurs. and Fri., Dec. 4 and 5.

AUCTIONS—At the American Art Association-Anderson Galleries, Inc., Madison at 57—The Monell collection of paintings, Gothic furniture, sculpture, stained glass, and Ming plaques: Fri. Eve., Nov. 28, at 8:30. . . . Seventeenth and eighteenth-century English, and American Colonial, furniture; Græco-Roman marbles; Renaissance bronzes; and Etruscan pottery: Sat. Aft., Nov. 29, at 2:15. . . . A fine Dickens collection, and first editions of American and English authors: Tues. and Wed. Afts. and Eves., Dec. 2 and 3, at 2:15 and 8:15. . . . Original drawings of the English, French, Dutch, and Italian schools (Blake, Rossetti, Gainsborough, Van Dyck, Veronese, Michelangelo, and others): Thurs. Eve., Dec. 4, at 8:15. . . . The Spreckels collection of eighteenth-century French furniture, tapestries, paintings, sculpture, and porcelains: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Dec. 5 and 6, at 2:15 P.M.

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SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE hope Einstein's wife changes her mind and lets the Professor come ashore when the Belgenland touches New York. This country needs him. Not that we are one of the six people who understand relativity: on the contrary we are one of the four who have not tried to. Once we got an inkling of it, riding down Fifth Avenue in a carriage—a daring, somewhat costly, experiment in time and space. That slow rhythm while the rest of the traffic flows forward and past is, we are sure, what the moon feels when the sun's rays go by. If we were to show Professor Einstein New York from that horse-drawn hack, he might be able to explain to us how

things can be bent and straight at the same time. Riding through the City of New York, which is the capital and principal seaport of the State of Relativity, he might be able to resolve many of the municipal mysteries. We would ask him, say, to explain American efficiency and the subway shuttle; and the men restoring prosperity by selling apples at a loss; and clothiers' signs on Broadway which read: "Clothes in the New York manner." We would tell him about the woman who, when we complained of the noise her radio was making, shouted at us that she didn't know she had left it on. We would ask him about a night-club owner we know, who insists that the Wild West used to be violent. "And Professor Einstein," we would say, "what about Fordham—what about an institution of latterday higher learning whose students condemn a goat mascot to the butcher's, because of losing a football game—is that straight or bent?" He'd give up. Some riddles are too hard.

POWER is largely a state of mind. We long for power ourself, but we covet no empires, want no armies. Our dreams are of a homely sway on a throne near home: we want, in brief, to be allowed to run, for one short hour, the electric news bulletin that encircles the Times Building. Surely this is no unreasonable request. Just one hour of it. One hour of that running commentary, interlarded, perhaps, with clauses, of our own devising. We see it all clearly in our mind's eye:

YALE TROUNCES NAVY 12 TO 6 AND CAN'T YOU READ THIS WITHOUT OPENING YOUR MOUTH SUPREME COURT JUSTICE TURNS UP IN BUREAU DRAWER AND IF YOU WOULD LOOK WHERE YOU WERE GOING YOU WOULDN'T BUMP INTO PEOPLE.

BY the time Sinclair Lewis receives the forty-six thousand, three hundred and fifty dollars, he will have earned it, it seems to us. Think what he has to do. He has to learn Swedish. He has to get his passport and locate the key of his trunk. He has to sit on the platform in Stockholm and listen to the other Nobel winners give their speeches of acceptance, called "appropriate addresses." While sitting there he has to worry about his own address, wondering whether it is appropriate, or even intelligible. He has to prepare and read a technical paper before a gathering of writers. He has to speak before the Swedish Academy. He has to be photographed. He has to answer a lot of dumb questions Swedish newspapermen will ask about Babbitt, Sauk Center, and Weston, Connecticut. He has to meet bores and be nice. All in the name of prize-winning. It ought not to be so.

When we depart this world and leave, as a memorial, a prize to be known as "The Sterling Finny Prize for Literature and Notes and Comment," however meagre the sum may be, it will at least be in the form of a cheque mailed immediately to the winner at his home address, no questions asked, no answer required, the stub is the receipt.

EMPLOYERS, we notice, are being urged to give jobs to the heads of families, rather than to bachelors. This is a jocund country. Only a couple of weeks ago Notre Dame found that one of their football players, who was holding down his job nicely, was the head of a family, and what did they do?—they fired him. Only a short time ago West Point discovered a husband in the barracks. He got the air, the dirty benedict. West Point and Notre Dame writhing with shame and anguish at the discovery of a married man in the community is

pretty funny. This is a stuffy country, where a fullback is not a fullback if he has a wife, and where a cadet is less than the dust if he has been caught taking patriotic vows at the altar. If there is really anything to this

business of giving jobs to the heads of families, we nominate Mr. Savoldi and Mr. Cagle, both of them hard workers.

Twenty-One Guns

WE are glad we weren't in Washington when Captain Rickenbacker was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor, because something went terribly wrong and we would have laughed. It was certainly not a laughing matter. The ceremonies were held at Bolling Field and the post's lone artillery piece, the sunrise gun, was pressed into service in order that Mr. Hoover might be greeted with the Presidential salute of twenty-one guns. A President doesn't often visit an army flying field for a big ceremony and the gunners were on their toes. It had been arranged that only one automobile, that carrying Mr. Hoover, should enter from a certain direction, and so when an official-looking car with flags flying approached from that side of the field, the nervous gunners began firing. They were still firing when the car pulled up to let out the publisher of an aëronautical magazine, a sergeant, and a Major General James E. Fechet. Well, you can't stop in the midst of twenty-one guns, so the solemn, impressive thunder went on. The President's car was five or six minutes late. It got there after the salute was ended.

Tagore

TEAS are being given all over town for distinguished Greeks, Hindus, Turks, Abyssinians, and others. We got into a tea at the Plaza for a surgeon from the Argentine who relieves sciatica by tapping the sufferer's nose with a silver rod the size of a pencil. A Cuban man in a brown vest sang "Ramona" at this tea. This didn't surprise us. Nothing does after the Byrd Casting-Off Hour and the Will Durant going-away dinner. Subsequently we went to the Algonquin, where Tagore was receiving. We were one of a small group of visitors shown first into an outer room. From this, through a door left ajar, we got a glimpse of the great man. He was sitting in a chair, wearing a black robe and meditating. He meditates all the time, here mostly in an apartment at 1172 Park Avenue which he has taken temporarily.

Tagore talks in a high, gentle, rather weak voice, and in short sentences. Everyone addresses him in a subdued voice, except occasionally some lady who is deaf or thinks he is. Our general conclusion is that it is all right to speak to Argentine surgeons in a loud tone but that one must always speak softly to visitors from India, China, and Tibet.

Sir Rabindranath's silvery beard was carefully brushed. His hands were clasped and there appeared to be a twinkle in his eye. They say he appreciates the ridiculousness of most of the questions asked him. He impressed one woman in our group as a "darling spirit," another as an "insincere child." He impressed us as tired. His room at the Algonquin contained two Indian secretaries, a Mrs. Walser, his publicity adviser; a copy of "Mother India," a copy of the *Literary Digest*, and a plate with an orange and an apple on it.

"Oh, the public be damned!"

Tagore said New York was not provincial and he hoped it would like his pictures. He has seventy-eight paintings on show at the Fifty-sixth Street Galleries which he hopes to sell to get money for his university in India. The pictures are hard to understand. Tagore doesn't claim to understand them himself. At the opening of the exhibit he said that no significance attaches to them. That day he sat in a throne-like chair answering questions and receiving congratulations. There was a woman around who volunteered to explain the paintings, however. She understands them, even if Tagore doesn't. "The symbolism," she told us, "changes from purely Indian to Western or to none at all." We thanked her.

In India now Tagore spends much of his time in a house built in a tree. It was designed by a Japanese architect. It looks something like a pagoda and is quite different from 1172 Park Avenue. Tagore goes up into the tree and meditates, often at night. He always takes a cat with him. He pulls the ladder up after him, so he gets complete privacy. Sometimes he lectures from the tree to students gathered below. Sometimes young girls come to dance for him or to sing songs. He likes this. He also likes ice cream. Meat he never touches except in places like New York where he feels he has to do it to keep his strength up.

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OUR note about the Hugs and Kisses in the phone book has moved a student of that volume to write in about the Washingtons. George Washington lives at 228 West 140th Street and Martha Washington lives right around the corner, at 320 West 139th.

Wealth Beyond the Tombs

A FRIEND of ours was telling us recently about money matters in the Tombs. You probably don't get around there very often, so you may not have heard that they have their own coinage down there, a system which they installed three years ago. Before that they tried, first, letting the prisoners keep their money in jail, and, second, taking it away from them and making them charge their little purchases at the prison store. Neither way worked. The Tombs is only a detention prison, where people are held while awaiting trial, or until they can get bail. Under the charge-account system, a prisoner would often be brought in, would run up an enormous bill for cigarettes, bay rum, and that sort of thing, and then get bailed out—all so quickly that he'd be gone before the prison storekeeper could get things figured out. Under the other system, people were always bribing visitors and keepers to smuggle in drugs and suchlike. So now the Tombs mints its own money — aluminum counters, in denominations of pennies, nickels, quarters, and half-dollars, each inscribed with the words: "The Tombs, City Prison, Manhattan." Each prisoner, on entering, hands over his money to the warden, and can then draw out as much as he can afford, up to five dollars a day, in counters. So far, we hear, the system works very well, except for two things. One is, as you might imagine, counterfeiting. Prisoners save bits of metal, or even wrap tinfoil around cardboard discs, and painstakingly imitate the imitation coins. It's a lot of trouble and nobody knows why they do it—just to keep their hand in, possibly.

More curious, every month about five hundred dollars' worth of coins drop out of circulation entirely. Carried away as souvenirs by released prisoners who refuse to redeem them for actual cash.

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ONE of the partners of J. P. Morgan & Company was indisposed last week and a friend undertook to telephone his office to learn his condition. He told his secretary to put in the call for him. In a minute or two the secretary reported that she got no answer. "Nonsense," said the friend. "Be sure you have the right number and try it again." The secretary came back again shortly and reported that she still got no answer. "That can't be," said her employer. "That's Morgan & Company." "Maybe they're out to lunch," suggested the girl.

Sailing, Sailing

SOMEBODY who has investigated has been telling us about the de-luxe suites on transatlantic steamers. The most costly accommodations you can possibly find are in the "Paris" suite of the Île de France. It has a sitting-room, dining-room, three double bedrooms with a bath each, and it costs four thousand two hundred dollars during the busy season. During dull times, such as now, you can get it for two thousand, nine hundred and ninety dollars. Don't get mixed up, by the way, between "Paris," the suite, and Paris, the liner. The French Line calls all its de-luxe suites by name. Those on the Île de France are called "Noyon," "Versailles," "Fontainebleau," "Chantilly," "Paris" —all towns in the Île de France country. On another boat they're named "Monceau," "Orsay," and so on, after quarters of the City of Paris. Prices run from about two thousand dollars up and there isn't as much trouble as you might think about renting them. Mostly they're gone before half the ordinary staterooms are sold. Most of them have regular patrons too. Charles Geist of Philadelphia, for example, takes a party of four or five over in the "Paris" (the suite) every July. Mayor Walker came back in these quarters after his trip to Europe in 1927.

The Berengaria has a couple of pretty high-priced suites. They are called "The Prince of Wales" and the "Imperial." Each has a large assortment of rooms and costs four thousand and twenty-five dollars during rush times. The Majestic and the Olympic have suites at somewhat lower rates in high favor with society folk. You are likely to find some of the Vanderbilts, the Sabins, or the Drexels in them, or possibly Mortimer Schiff or Clarence Mackay. The Bremen and the Europa have distinctive suites too, but they haven't been going long enough to have traditions.

A generation ago Joseph Pulitzer was as elaborate a traveller as any. He used to cross in the White Star boats and he would take ten adjoining rooms. He would occupy one near the middle. This helped to keep down noise, which he so abhorred. The Prince of Wales, when he went back from here after his visit in 1924, had, with his entourage, half of a whole deck. That wasn't much compared to the party

"So I just packed up and came home. Gosh, there's no future in a place like Bryn Mawr."

• •

Mr. Walter B. May of Pittsburgh gave not many years ago. He took some seventy friends to Paris for a party to celebrate his silver-wedding anniversary and engaged the entire C Deck of the Aquitania to take them over and back.

Elemental Rules

THE art galleries have been busy of late. Last week there were so many exhibitions that one art critic found it impossible to get around to them all. He sent his secretary to report to him on one man's work, a fellow he had always considered, and sometimes stated, to be of minor calibre. The artist himself happened to be at his exhibition (sometimes, you know, they are) and the girl ran plump into him. She revealed the situation, confessed a lack of confidence on her part, and asked for his guidance. This didn't please the artist any, of course. "Certainly, Madam, I will help you," he said with stiff courtesy. "Certainly. If you see something with a frame on it, it's a picture. If it has no frame, it's sculpture."

B.C. Stone O.K.

WITH the chill of fall always comes a rumor that the obelisk in Central Park is crumbling. Alarmists will tell you that chunks will begin falling off with the first snow. You may be relieved to know that they won't. Back in 1885 a process was invented by a man named Caffall to protect the monolith against the heat, cold, and general cussedness of New York weather. It was simple enough: paraffin applied with a blowtorch. It took several months to impregnate the surface properly and in that year people used to go up to the Park, the way they go to watch tree-sitters now, and look at the dozen men on the scaffold laying a coating of paraffin all over the shaft. It is still in excellent shape from that treatment of forty-five years ago. The Park people keep a sharp eye on the obelisk, and have an elaborate series of photographs of almost every foot of its surface, showing where certain chippings and flakes are. One of the latter is as big as a policeman's shoe, but it is securely held in place by the old weatherproofing.

The company that treated the stone got so much attention from this job that it changed its name to the Obelisk Weatherproofing Company, and has become a big, flourishing concern. It has treated a lot of monuments and historical buildings, including Plymouth Rock and Fraunces' Tavern, and such a wide variety of structures as the City Hall, Mr. Woolworth's marble house

on Long Island, Percy Pyne's town house, and the Shelton Hotel.

Whispers that the obelisk wouldn't last in New York weather began on the wintry day in 1881 when the thing was hoisted into place by thirty-two horses. The whispers were well founded, too, for inside of two years pieces of stone began to fall and the weatherproofers had to be called in. Three thousand years of Egypt hadn't done as much to the stone as a decade in New York threatened to do. The old needle hadn't had an entirely uneventful life in Egypt at that. Five hundred years before Christ, it was knocked down by Cambyses, a Persian invader, and it lay half-buried in the sand for five centuries. It's all right now though; no cause for worry.

Your Money's Worth

A CURBSTONE hawker in West Forty-second Street sells gaudy maps of the world, decorated with portraits of kings and presidents, the flags of the nations, and tables of foreign exchange. "An' folks," he says, "each an' every one of these beautiful, practical, an' educational maps has three hunnerd an' sixty degrees of latitude an' three hunnerd an' sixty degrees of longitude!"

Hart

Moss Hart, who, with the venerable George S. Kaufman, wrote the season's biggest hit, is, as you have probably read, but twenty-four. He wrote his first play when he was twelve and acted in it before admiring relatives at the Bronx Y.M.H.A. He kept his hand in as he grew up. For a time he was with the Thalian Players, who won the Belasco Cup in the Little Theatre competition one year. When he worked as a floorwalker in a cloak-and-suit concern he wrote the annual employees' show and directed it. He once appeared with Charles Gilpin in "The Emperor Jones" when it was produced a few years ago. More recently he directed little-theatre groups in Brooklyn and Newark of winters, and acted as social director of country clubs in summer. It was at the Crescent Country Club in Vermont that he got his idea for the character in his play who cracks Indian nuts continually.

"Once in a Lifetime" is Hart's second show to be professionally produced. He worked as secretary for a producer for a spell and, in that atmosphere, completed two acts of a show. He gave them to his employer to read, telling him that they were the work of a friend of his, a lawyer. The employer was enthusiastic and asked Hart to have his friend, the lawyer, call on him right away. Hart said he would, and was in a quandary. He made various excuses for the nonappearance of his friend until he had completed the last act and the producer was about to start rehearsals. At this point the latter said he couldn't begin until a contract was signed. "Get your coat on and we'll go down and see your friend together," he said. Hart put his coat on and got as far as the elevator, when he broke down and told the truth. The producer laughed and congratulated him. Up to this point the story is very pretty, but the ending isn't happy. The show, produced in Chicago, failed. Kaufman, on the opening night of "Once in a Lifetime," announced that that play was seventy-five per cent Hart's. Hart gets sixty per cent of the royalties. The two worked almost daily for nine months in the collaboration. Hart still addresses Kaufman as "Mr. Kaufman."

There are several anecdotes about "Once in a Lifetime." One is that the Warner brothers wrote to Kaufman asking that the twelve Schlepkin brothers be taken out and that Kaufman replied that he had never asked the Warners to take anything out of a moving picture. There is no truth in this yarn. Kaufman took his career as an actor seriously at first, changing his suit between the second and third acts, a lapse of time being indicated. He gave this up after the first few days and relaxed generally.

Employees

WE were on a crowded elevator in a hotel the other day, which stopped at the tenth floor to take on a bellboy. He seemed very grumpy about something. Finally he turned to the operator of the car and said "The service in this hotel is getting worse." "That isn't true," retorted the operator. "It couldn't." One or two of the guests in the lift sighed.

Which reminds us of the latest conversation we had with one of the elevator-boys in our own apartment building. We were his only passenger the other morning and all the way down from our floor he sang. "Always happy like this," he said finally. We said that was fine. "Well, you see it's this way," he explained. "Since my father and mother died I lost all interest in life, so I figure what the hell, why worry?"

Then there is the office-boy who works for, or rather is paid by, a friend of ours. This gentleman hadn't been getting very good service on his incoming and outgoing baskets, so he finally cornered the young man and said "Clear out that outgoing basket. You haven't touched it for three days." The boy cleared out the basket, with a surly manner, removing two memorandums and a letter. "Big three days' work," he commented, and hurried from the room. —The New Yorkers

"Let's sing 'Frankie and Johnny.'"

A MACY BALLOON DROPS IN ON PREMIER MUSSOLINI

REFORM

FOR a little more than thirteen years, it had been Mr. Gilloon's custom to appear every morning at his desk in the Municipal Building with a tasteful spray of flowers in his buttonhole. During that long time the blossoms, varying of course with the seasons, had gradually and perhaps unconsciously become a symbol. It testified with a peculiar subtlety, appreciated only by Mr. Gilloon himself, to the dignity of his position in life.

Mr. Gilloon was a city official. At any rate, he thought of himself pleasantly and quite honestly as a city official; his oldest boy, filling in the space marked "Father's Occupation" on the public-school application cards, always wrote "City Official" with a delightful small show of pride; and Mrs. Gilloon quite invariably managed, at the Thursday-afternoon sewing circle of her neighbors in Corona, to give some hint of the uncommon responsibilities that lay upon the helpmeet of one charged with grave municipal affairs—the responsibilities and the happy advantages. "Mr. Gilloon," she might say with a casual changing of thread in her needle, "had the funniest experience at the Mayor's conference yesterday . . ." Or, "Mr. Gilloon says there is nothing whatever to these terrible, scandalous tales about the city government being corrupt. . . ."

The citizens of Corona, happening upon him in the drugstore or in the lobby of the neighborhood picture house, did not hesitate to pass their grievances into his hands, and with tireless attention and affability he received complaints on an incalculable variety of subjects. It gave him a quiet and enduring happiness to say, with an earnest nod, that these matters would certainly be attended to at once.

MR. GILLOON'S specific job was to sit in the anteroom of the Commissioner's office in the Department of Street Cleaning, behind a mahogany desk that was kept amazingly neat, and deal with the public. Not, that is to say, with the public in person. All of his contact was by way of the telephone.

You may readily imagine the number of calls that come to the Department of Street Cleaning in a day. The curbs of the city's streets are a changeless shore against which wash the flotsam and jetsam of a crowded tide—the lees of grapes during the wine-making season, the corpses of unhappy small animals, moldering heaps of perished fruit thrown out by careless shopkeepers, rag dolls, and abandoned automobiles—all manner of rejected things to stir the indignations of neat people. And a certain, constant proportion of these indignant ones may be counted upon without fail to grasp the telephone and demand to speak with the Commissioner.

It was Mr. Gilloon's task to bear the brunt of this criticism: in short, to speak as if he were indeed the Commissioner and ready to give instant care to each complaint. With that ineffably Irish talent for artistry, he had always gone a little further than his job actually demanded, making a sincere effort to get something of the Commissioner's own manner and tone into his brief conversations with the public. And since, during his thirteen years, the elections had brought three new commissioners to the handsome private office at the end of the hall, there had been enough variety to give a certain zest to the business and crush the deadening spectre of monotony.

There was enough leisure at Mr. Gilloon's desk for him to indulge a taste for enlightening literature. At the beginning, ambitious dreams had been enough to occupy his idle moments. But the steadying years had whispered the need for intellectual improvement, and a thousand books had gone under his hands when the telephone bell was resting. With Harold Bell Wright and Mr. Howells behind him, with the creatures of Thackeray and E. P. Roe among his acquaintances, Mr. Gilloon knew very well how a gentleman of refinement conducts himself. If there was a slight flavor of literary precept in his elegant manners, rather than a recollection of some careful mother's knee, the hurrying, unread crowd would never know. He nurtured his dignity and his gentle courtesy, his firmness and his decent behavior at the dinner table.

AGAINST the warm and comforting pattern of his daily existence, there played but a single shadow. It was not a very large shadow, and the very form which it took went a great way toward reducing its effect. Once every two weeks, Mr. Gilloon received his pay voucher from the Department cashier. It was for a modest sum enough, to be sure, but rents are not unreasonable in Corona and the tastes of the Gilloons were governed by a decent thrift. The amount, so surely and irreducibly written in, was almost enough to make him overlook the single word that appeared immediately after his name. The cheque invariably read: "Pay to the order of Jeremiah Gilloon, Sweeper."

He had never been a sweeper, of course. The designation was the result of an almost forgotten conspiracy—a very small conspiracy, after all, and the only one that Mr. Gilloon had ever countenanced. In the beginning, he had come to the Department under the wing of a faithful friend, now lamentably dead, who had risen to be Deputy Commissioner. His duties were well understood from the outset, but the Deputy Commissioner had pointed out that sweepers receive a higher rating of pay than junior clerks. So, not without a little joke or two at Mr. Gilloon's expense, they had decided that he would receive the rating of sweeper.

He had kept this a secret, not from pride or vainglory, but for reasons of the heart. When he entered upon his duties he was in the midst of his courtship, and somehow he understood that even so remarkable a woman as the one he had chosen might have a qualm at marrying a street sweeper—even a street sweeper by name alone. For one reason or another, he had neglected to tell her of the idle little fact, even after the marriage. And as for himself, the years that lay between twenty-seven and forty had not anesthetized him to the single word which glanced at him every fortnight, so official, curt, and final. Perhaps it was the books he read. Perhaps it was his growing family, and the respectful deference he had earned from his neighbors. Perhaps he had heard broad jokes directed at the simple duties of the White Wings. Certainly, the passage of the years carried him further and further from the day when he had regarded his official title as a delicious little joke on the city treasury. But he knew that the thing was unimportant at bottom, and he thought of it as little as he possibly could.

THAT autumn which saw the city government and its controlling party besieged on every side, calumniated by its enemies, accused of fraud and graft and dishonesty, was in the

beginning only a series of golden days to Mr. Gilloon. The autumn was always his favorite season of the year. But as the newspapers grew more fierce in their attack, and men of power in the party were suddenly revealed as thieves and worse, he began to have a deep interest. It was not a personal interest, of course, except that the voices of his unseen daily callers grew a shade more vindictive in their criticisms. Nor did he really know more of inside doings than the most casual reader. For he had allowed his friendships within the party to slip gradually away. Death, promotions, failures among his friends had cut him off from that intimate feeling of the party-man which had been his at the time of his appointment. He had not exerted himself to maintain his crumbling lines, for he felt that he did not need them. Ambition no longer goaded him, and he was secure enough. They could do nothing to hurt him, and he did not wish their help. His devotion to the party dwindled to the mere formality of an annual vote. And so he watched the attack massing against it with no sense of personal affront or personal danger. In his attitude of disinterested observer, he was supported without reservation by Mrs. Gilloon.

In the deep and confused ranks of the city workers, little fears began to grow. Harsh speeches came from the campaign platforms of the opposition, and even the Mayor himself, bellwether of the harried flock, seemed to thrash his own in a warm radio speech or two. "If there is corruption, it must go!" he cried—and the small satellites of accused men trembled at their obscure desks. "These are hard times, and the most rigid economy must be followed. The payrolls will be cut to the bone!" He shouted that, and a thousand who cherished their sinecures above all else tossed on sleepless beds and wondered what tomorrow would bring.

Mr. Gilloon, with a shaggy little aster in his lapel, spoke urbanely to the citizens over the telephone, and in the evenings told his friends that he had faith in the old party, that things were never as bad as they were painted, that the goats would surely be weeded from the sheep, that he, personally, had never seen one thing indicating corruption. Then disaster came out of the wild whirlwind, fled past the embattled heads of the captains, and with the crazy flight of an overcharged rocket picked Mr. Gilloon for its mark.

IT was a morning when he bought his flower as usual, and bought his paper as usual, and took the express that would put him out in the very basement of his building. On the front page of the newspaper there was a little paragraph set off with hard lines, squarely at the top of the page. He read it:

Pursuing his program of economy, the Mayor yesterday ordered that all able-bodied men in the Department of Street Cleaning be put to work on the streets. Only disabled or superannuated employees will be given desk jobs. It was discovered that one employee, carried on the rolls as a sweeper, has been coming to an office job with a flower in his buttonhole every morning for more than ten years.

He was bewildered and not quite sure of himself when he reached his desk. Some curious impulse had made him remove the flower from his lapel, and crush it into his pocket. He had not pulled back his chair, after hanging up his hat, when the Commissioner's secretary said that he was wanted in the private office. He felt a little dizzy when he pushed open the door and saw the Commissioner leaning back at his desk, puffing a cigar. But he was able to smile, quite automatically, when the Commissioner grinned at him and beckoned him closer. He heard the Commissioner's voice:

"Well, Jerry, they've got us on the run. Did you see the papers?"

He said "Yes, sir."

The Commissioner gave a jovial and deprecating gesture. "Oh, it might be worse. These things happen. Fortunes of politics, Jerry. All of us should have gone into Wall Street." The Commissioner laughed heartily. "Well, there you are. And I guess we can take our medicine like a man. Hunh? You'd better turn your desk over to Old Man McGarrity—he's superannuated enough for 'em—and go down and get yourself measured for a broom. I don't know what the hell we're going to do without you."

Mr. Gilloon caught a train back to Corona. He did not seem aware of his own actions, and he had an absurd feeling that his hands and feet did not belong to him. He wanted to get to Mrs. Gilloon as quickly as he could, but when he reached home she was out marketing. She must have gossiped quite long with the shopkeepers, for she was a very long time returning. The moment she saw him, she dropped her bundles, and with her hat cocked a little crazily over her head she put her arms around his thin shoulders. In a little while she knew, and they were crying, but when the oldest boy got home from school they had, by some miracle of fortitude, become quiet, and without saying anything at all each knew that they had agreed to keep it from the children. As the long night wore on—after they had eaten dinner and gone to bed—and they lay together whispering, they agreed in brief incoherent phrases that perhaps it could be kept from the neighbors. Surely the Commissioner would hear his request for assignment in some far, obscure district where he would not be recognized.

ONCE or twice, indignation flamed through their exhausted bodies, and the echo of fine, scornful phrases to be flung into the Commissioner's teeth—but these died quickly before their sure knowledge of the hard times, of cousins who were hunting for jobs and of acquaintances who were even drawing toward the breadlines. Toward morning, when rancor and despair had perished because of their futility, when Mr. Gilloon had at last rid himself of the secret of his designation on the Department payrolls, when the necessity for calmness made them calm, they discovered that the situation was not, indeed, a hopeless thing. Election Day was less than two weeks off

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Dance Records

"I was in rags till Sis came in on the Leviathan."

WHEN THE THEATRE WAS FRAUGHT *with* ROMANCE

The Thought is born of the FORM DIVINE

ENGRAVED BY JOHN HELD JR ADELVING INTO YESTERYEAR

and the party was certain to be returned victorious. Reforms would be happily forgotten, then, and the fine nobilities of the campaigners wrapped in their safe coverings and put away. Old Man McGarrity certainly could never handle the delicate problems of that desk, and the Commissioner was a fellow who liked, above all else, for things to run smoothly. Two weeks? Why, after all it was a nice little break from the office routine, and out in the fresh air, too.

When at last they fell asleep, a warming trustfulness of the future had been restored to them.

The next afternoon you might have seen Mr. Gilloon, dressed all in white, pushing one of those odd little two-wheeled affairs along a street far north of Central Park, and working with unaccustomed hands at a broom.

—Morris Markey

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OF ALL THINGS

BEFORE the era of good feeling shuts down for the winter, some Democrat might speak a kindly word for Herbert Hoover. When he was Secretary of Commerce we had some commerce to be Secretary of.

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The abdication of the Emperor Jones brings us back to the good old days. Once more America is a land of equal opportunity for all.

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An Ohioan was badly defeated for Congress on the platform that the earth is flat. One might have thought he had a good year for it.

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It is hard to follow the reasoning of the Buffalo authorities who forbid gay celebration on New Year's Eve because of the depression. Our own idea is that the funeral of 1930 might be made an unusually joyful one.

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The story leaks out that the Wickersham Commission will advocate a further trial for the prohibition law. In another seven years the little fellow may have a tooth.

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The Federal Farm Board now owns seventy million bushels of wheat, and some think it should use this for feeding hungry people. Now is the time to organize the National Breadcasting Company.

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Senators Glenn of Illinois and Bingham of Connecticut are out for modification. Real beer, they think, would

be a good thing for the situation, including the situation of Senators who come up for reëlection in 1932.

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F. Abbot Goodhue, eminent banker, said at a dinner here that the depression is past the crisis. With the worst possible taste fifty-one Southern banks chose that very day to cave in.

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It strikes us that an enormous number of dinners and lunches are being held to talk about the crisis. Happily we always have patriots willing to dine that the nation may live.

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As the Round Table Conference goes on, it seems unlikely that England will grant dominion status at this time. She will take India's name and address, however, and let her know if anything turns up.

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Word comes from London that the P. of W. is going to South America to drum up business and try to revive the John Bull market. At present trade is as flat and horizontal as a British heavyweight.

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Dr. Julius Klein thinks he sees signs that there is about to be a turn for the better in our own foreign trade. It is always cheering to hear from the official confidence-man.

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Borah is back from Boise ten pounds heavier and full of fight. That is some people's idea of the way to pep up the White House Thanksgiving dinner.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

"I've been trying to tell you, Doctor; it wasn't me that got hurt. It was a friend of mine."

FROM A ZEALOUS NON-WORKER

DURING my recent involuntary visit in Boston, there was a lull of a few minutes (Mr. Ziegfeld must have been telephoning to somebody else) and I picked up a paper and saw a dispatch from New South Wales headed: "Sock on Chin Saves Frightened Flier's Life." The dispatch was only about seventy words long and I figured I could skim through it before Mr. Ziegfeld called up again and told me the duet for Marilyn Miller and Fred Astaire would have to be rewritten because he had just decided that Ned Wayburn and the wardrobe mistress were going to be married in the last scene instead of Paul Gregory and Eddie Foy, Jr.

Anyway, I did skim through the dispatch and it was to the effect that someone riding in a plane had got very nervous and thrown his arms around the pilot and the pilot had knocked him unconscious so he, the pilot, might do his work unhampered by an embrace.

"The same system," said the dispatch, "is used in the case of violent non-swimmers."

WELL, the last two words of this part of the lyric bewildered me to such an extent that I summoned Paul Lannin, the famous "incompetent" musical director, and asked him to read the entire dispatch and inform me what a violent non-swimmer was.

"I don't see anything puzzling about it," said Paul. "A 'violent non-swimmer' is virtually the same thing as a savage non-saxophone player or a vehement non-harpist."

"But surely," I objected, "those synonyms must be wrong because the dispatch has nothing whatever to do with music."

"It just happened that I chose musical terms owing to the fact that I am a musician, though an 'incompetent' one," said Paul. "However, I can select you some synonyms from trivial walks of life, with which

you are doubtless more familiar. Let's take baseball. Have you seen the Philadelphia Nationals in the last six or seven years?"

"Greatly," I replied.

"Then," he said, "you must know that their hurling staff is replete with frenzied non-pitchers. And if you have scouted the current Boston Red Sox, you are aware that they are irrepressible non-ballplayers. Or take international yacht racing."

"You take it," I said.

"You take it just for a second," said Paul. "Isn't it evident to you that Sir Thomas Lipton is an avid non-boat-builder? Or football. If you read the accounts of the Pennsylvania-Notre Dame game, it is unnecessary for me to tip you off that Penn was bristling with fervent non-tacklers. And while we are still in Philadelphia, how did the play 'June Moon' fare in that city this autumn?"

"Let's talk about something else," I suggested.

"Philadelphia," said Paul, "will be referred to in history—at least in your history—as a city of irrepressible non-theatregoers. Have I made myself plain?"

"You look just as usual," I assured him.

"You look kind of underweight yourself," he said, "and you have only been with the show four days."

"And nights."

"What's the matter with you?"

"Nothing," I said, "except that I have become an impetuous non-eater. I am on a rabid diet. Would you like to hear about it?"

"No," said Paul.

"I can eat any stewed fruit, without seeds or skins, strained through a colander; farina, cream of wheat, or oatmeal gruel, with cream and sugar; eggs, poached or coddled seven minutes; white bread toasted and with butter, provided the bread is stale and crisp; any soup that has been strained of all meat and vegetables—broth, chicken, and creamed soups; minced chicken, turkey, or fowl; scraped beef or lamb; minced fish, which may be creamed if desired; baked or mashed potatoes; asparagus, beets, beans, cauliflower, carrots, corn, greens, onions, parsnips, peas, squash, string beans, sweet potatoes, tomatoes, turnips, and broccoli (but all these vegetables must be puréed); custard, gelatin, jello, junket, blanc mange, tapioca, ice cream, ices, chocolate puddings, all simple cornstarch puddings, and charlotte russe. I must avoid all roughage."

"Wait, Henry—you're not telling that right!"

"You oughtn't to go near rehearsals," said Paul. "But what do you mean 'rabid diet'? You can eat more vegetables than I can even spell."

"They all have to be puréed."

"Do you remember the song 'Rastus on Puréed'?"

At this point the telephone rang, and to our surprise it was Mr. Ziegfeld, the fanatical non-leave-you-aloner.

"Miss Miller doesn't like the line about beating the devil," he said.

—Ring Lardner

THE TEETH

[AN IDYLL OF THE TENEMENTS, INDIGNANTLY REJECTED BY THE "AMERICAN MERCURY"]

JOHN SMITH and the woman, Ethel Walters, lived in one room over an A. & P. store in the Bowery. They weren't married. Every Saturday night they got drunk and one Saturday night John Smith hit Ethel Walters and knocked all her teeth out. He was a simple man and he just happened to feel like it. He had some false teeth made for her and she was just as good as new except that she had to take them out and put them in a glass of water every night. Ethel and John had lived together for a great many years, but finally she got to the point where she felt she'd like to die an honest woman. John wouldn't marry her. He didn't happen to feel like it, and he had a wife anyway. Texas or some such place. Ethel didn't care particularly who she married and, rather than die a *dishonest* woman, she took up with a Polish barber called Szymanski, who used to come to the house every now and then. He put things on his hair and it made him smell good. Ethel liked that and he liked Ethel because she was a good cook and a big strapping girl too. Poles like big women. So they decided to get married. John Smith was quite annoyed when they told him about it, but there didn't seem to be much he could do. At the time, that is. Late that night, though, when Ethel was asleep, he got up and took her teeth out of the glass of water and put them in his pants pocket. He slept with his pants on. Ethel got up in the morning and put on her wedding clothes. Then she got to looking for the teeth. When she couldn't find them, she went over to the bed and woke up Smith.

"How's chances on the teeth?" she said. Her voice was rather hollow and muffled, as if she had a mouthful of feathers. Smith just laughed at her, so she went to a judge and had him arrested on a charge of petit larceny.

"Say, what is today anyway?"

WHILE Ethel was testifying in her unearthly voice, John took the teeth out of his pants pocket and snapped them at her. It was very lifelike and it made everybody laugh, including the Polish barber, who'd dropped in to see what was going on. It made everybody laugh, that is, except Ethel.

The trial went on for some time without getting anywhere in particular. John said he had a right to take the teeth because he'd paid for them. Ethel admitted that but said they were really hers, because he'd broken her others. Finally the judge got the barber up on the stand.

"I understand that you are this young woman's fiancé," he said.

"Her what?" said the barber.

"That you're going to marry her," said the judge.

The barber said "Oh." Ever since he'd found out about Ethel's teeth the barber had been sitting back, smiling dreamily at the ceiling. Now he began to laugh.

"Yeah, Judge," he said, "I *was* going to marry her. That was different. That was when I had the understanding that she was in A-1 condition."

At this point he indicated Smith with an airy wave of his hand.

"That guy," he said. "He socked her. Let him keep her."

So that was what happened. John gave Ethel her teeth, which really improved her appearance amazingly, and they went back to the room over the A. & P. store. The barber went back to his barbershop. The judge disappeared. —WOLCOTT GIBBS

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CONSEQUENTLY THEREFORE

There being more to love, much more
Than I had ever bargained for,
There being here and now and this
Thoroughly satisfying kiss,
And days and months and years ahead
Wherein I'll likely wish I'm dead
If you're not here or don't come back
Or leave me with the almanac
To entertain myself of nights
While you go out to see the sights—
These things being starkly true,
I think I'll say goodbye to you
And go my way in single bliss,
Unwon and damnably unkissed.

—FRANCES M. FROST

PROFILES

DOUBLE LIFE

IGNAZ PADEREWSKI believes in keeping the two sides of his life strictly apart. He has definite objections to mixing music and politics, and does not want people to bring up the question of Polish affairs when he is playing concerts. Yet how can he prevent it? A pianist who has once been Premier of a country can never again be simply a pianist. His playing is overwhelmingly magnificent; its emotional force, its color, are all that they ever were. Yet it is preposterous to suppose that anyone can hear him today and be impressed by these musical qualities alone. They have been linked up with certain non-musical matters.

Curiously, they are linked up with Woodrow Wilson's thirteenth point. That was the point which called for the independence of Poland, and Paderewski is given much of the credit for its formulation. It was largely he, through his friendship with Colonel House, who induced President Wilson to take up the Polish question. The pianist and the patriot are one man, after all, for national feeling has always supplied a good deal of the emotional drive behind his music. No more gallant and improbable figure has ever been mixed up in the ultra-realistic mess of European politics, and Clemenceau, among others, appears to have recognized it. Meeting Paderewski, who was then Premier of Poland, among the other statesmen at the Versailles conference, the Tiger hurled an epigram at him:

"So you were once the world's greatest pianist, and now you are Premier of a country? My God, what a comedown!"

PADEREWSKI's current American tour is his seventeenth; his first was in 1891. There is no doubt that in some ineffable manner he represents the very best of that stately if deluded epoch which ended in 1914. He is genius enough so that many of his qualities transcend any epoch, but nevertheless his personality and to some extent his art are expressive of the romantic ideals of the Mauve Decade. The present generation has dim but stirring recollections of the prewar Paderewski, his flaring hair and low Byronic collars, the avalanche of flowers after each recital, women

Ignaz Paderewski

making fools of themselves wherever he went.

Spontaneously, because it is his nature, he has always made the superb gestures of a Henry Irving, and there is no Henry Irving today. His dramatic flair is shown in the famous incident of his snub to the Czar. Paderewski was summoned to play in the Imperial presence at some time before the war, when Poland, a resentful undigested lump, had been giving the rulers of Russia severe pains for over a hundred years. The Czar expressed his gratification that so renowned an artist was a Russian subject; Paderewski bowed, looked His Majesty in the eye.

"Sire, I am a Pole," he replied.

There is the same headlong quality in the motto which he wrote in someone's album, in the days when people had albums: *"La patrie avant tout; l'art ensuite."* It is just such intense emotion, just as dramatically expressed, which is the essence of his music. He is a tumultuous genius, and it has been said that he treats the piano as though it were too small for his conceptions, tries to stretch it to an orchestra. At its worst this impatience has been criticized as banging; at its best it produces a towering romantic grandeur which criticism cannot erode and doesn't try to, for the reason that the critic is knocked flat by the emotional impact, like everyone else. As to the question of whether Paderewski, at seventy, has a technical command as great as ever, Olin Downes remarks that he has never considered Paderewski so much a technician as a poet and an interpretive force. That, most certainly, the master remains.

His famous red mane is subdued both as to color and quantity these days; not the only change which time and the war have made. He was once quite willing to be lionized, and was the rage on two continents; today he accepts few invitations, and when he does dine out it is usually with fellow-musicians, or with friends of his political phase, such as Colonel House, or former Secretary of State Frank L. Polk.

AS always during an American tour, he is travelling in a private car. At each town that he visits the car is sidetracked, the telephone is connected —although the master never touches that degraded instrument himself— and there Paderewski is at home, sleeping serenely in the railroad yard amid the nocturnal banging of bells, scrunching of brakes, and hissing steam which spell torture to far less sensitive travellers. The car is usually parked outside the main yard, avoiding some of the all-night switching din, but even so—! He practices three or four hours a day, but only if the car is standing still as long as that. Occasionally in the evening there is a curious scene when he is playing behind the drawn blinds of his car. Outside, some yard employee stops to listen, then another, until sometimes six or eight men in overalls are standing silently under the window.

New York is the only exception in his travelling arrangements, and here this year he has had an apartment at the Ritz Tower. His road companions are Eldon Joubert, who looks after his seven pianos and makes sure that they await his coming in different parts of the country; Lawrence Fitzgerald, who represents the manager; and his valet-masseur. They are all old friends of his, especially Joubert. This year for the first time he is travelling with-

out Mrs. Paderewski, who is ill in Switzerland.

ASIDE from the fact that he dislikes catching trains there is a reason for the private car, and that is his requirement of a hot and leisurely dinner after a concert, which most hotels cannot supply. He eats nothing before a performance. After his midnight meal he plays a few hands of bridge and then, at two in the morning, he may decide to go for a walk. Afternoons he starts for a drive, but frequently gets out of the car and walks his companion over hill and dale, discussing agriculture, economics, government. His tour manager stuffs himself in advance of a trip with facts about the towns along the way; he knows what to expect.

"What is the population of this town? What are the industries?" And so on. Mr. Paderewski dislikes loose answers.

He has a grandeur which only great artists and kings possess in its perfection, but of which there are a great many second-rate imitations. The imitations are known as temperament. For instance, he has a certain way of preparing himself for a concert. Exactly twenty minutes before the performance he retires to his dressing-room to concentrate, tighten himself to a spiritual concert pitch. In time Joubert appears to take him to the stage, but not a word must be spoken, for it would break the tension. One night, however, there was a step down in the dark passageway, and Joubert cried: "Master, look out!" The master faced about, went back, and shut himself up in his dressing-room for another twenty minutes. An even better demonstration of this is that story of the unfortunate hostess who had not read Emily Post. Having snared Paderewski for dinner, at the end of the meal the wretched woman invited him to play.

"I am sorry, Madame," he replied, "but when I play I don't dine, and when I dine I don't play."

In spite of these formidable stories he is a lovable person, and courteous in a grave, regal way. He never issues directions; he requests. The colored Pullman chef who served him on fifteen tours he scrupulously addressed as "Mr. Copper." He has a simple trust in humanity, and toward indigent Poles in particular he is alarmingly softhearted, always accepting their stories and bidding his suffering secretary to "give the man fifty dollars." Once after the war he was almost bankrupt as a result of his generosity to various causes, and of the prodigious sums which flowed in every year from 1890 to 1915 there isn't a trace.

A single tour recoups him to the extent of half a million or so. His minimum fee is five thousand dollars, and he is playing seventy-five concerts during the present season. He is the manager's dream, he is so reliable and easy to deal with. One of his tours lately was arranged in a ten-minutes' conversation, another in a single exchange of cables. The master detests letters and fuss, and the understanding is that everything is to be done as it was before.

AT the age of three Paderewski saw his village burned, its inhabitants slaughtered, and his father carried off to prison with his neighbors in retaliation for the latest Polish uprising. During the excitement his mother died. She was the daughter of a Polish professor, and was born in Siberia while her father was in exile for patriotic activities. Paderewski *père* was an impoverished and patriotic member of the landed gentry living in the province of Podolia, Russian Poland, and little Ignaz learned to hate the Czar before he learned to talk.

He was a musical child, and at thirteen he was sent to the Warsaw Conservatory. Although he took prizes he was no prodigy; he had the genius which takes time and gruelling work to mature. Later he scraped together enough money by giving piano lessons to study in Berlin under Friedrich Kiel; at twenty-four he became a pupil of Leschetizky. For two years after, he was professor of counterpoint in Strasbourg and still obscure. Then in 1887, at twenty-seven, he returned to Vienna for a few months more with Leschetizky and made a brilliant début. To be exact, he stole a concert from an unfortunate soprano who had consented to his filling in between her numbers.

Paris, London, and New York followed in 1889, 1890, and 1891. Paderewski was a sensation. He worked like nothing human, fourteen, seventeen hours a day. The end of his American tour left him sitting on Olympus.

Most people today are unaware that he composed an opera, "Manru," which was widely produced in 1901 and 1902. With the exception of a symphony in B-minor and a few other works, the rest of his compositions have been for the piano. His minuet in G-

"Now it's up to you, Mr. Garrison, to make every kiddie leave the Mammoth Stores, Inc., believing in Santa Claus."

major is to him what the overworked prelude is to Rachmaninoff, but his piano concerto and his sonata in E-flat, to name only two, are more important.

In 1899 he married a Polish lady, the Baroness de Rosen, and in the same year he bought Riond Bosson, his château at Morges, Switzerland. His interest in farming led him to acquire the only other piece of real estate he still owns, a twenty-six-hundred-acre ranch in California. He has no house there, but stops at a nearby hotel when he is able, and amazes friends by discoursing on prune, grape, and walnut culture. As for Riond Bosson, there were brilliant parties there before the war, and July 31 in particular, Paderewski's fête day, was the scene of an annual celebration attended by all the musical great.

"I wouldn't mind cooking, if our life had any subtlety."

"You mean we should have guests?"

• •

PADEREWSKI seldom goes to other people's concerts, and neither does he go to the theatre, although he enjoys the movies. He is unusually good at billiards, or was until he gave it up, and he is a natural bridge-player, combining the phenomenal memory of the trained musician with a sharp mathematical sense. He will add up four columns of figures in a flash. He is superstitious about small things, refusing to light three cigarettes from one match or to shake hands over a threshold. He sometimes makes little bets with his manager on the number of people who will come to a given recital, but only little ones. Lavish as he is in other respects, he finds serious gambling a bore, and history's greatest picture of a non-gambling man was undoubtedly Paderewski during his run of luck at Monte Carlo.

It seems that he woke up one morning—this was prior to the war—feeling an irresistible impulse to try his luck. He went to the Casino, something he almost never did, and he won seventeen times, playing numbers. The following day the hunch continued and he continued to win; the third day he again won repeatedly, still playing numbers. During the entire insane episode, while the Casino boiled with excitement and real gamblers wept, Paderewski doggedly continued to put up the minimum stake of five francs—one dollar. The fourth day, finding that his run was over, he pocketed his winnings and he hasn't gambled since. He has no use for Lady Luck.

"Everything I have, I have had to work hard for" is his curiously disillusioned comment. "The only times I have had luck it has been bad luck."

When the war came he flung himself entirely into the Polish cause. With America as his headquarters, he gave hundreds of concerts for the Polish relief fund, which he headed, made hundreds of speeches, and although his

"Oh, after a time y'don't mind being in the limelight this way."

• •

English was already practically perfect, he took two lessons a week to polish it. He is a brilliant orator in three languages: English, Polish, and French. From 1917 to the Armistice he gave up music to become the official Polish emissary in Washington, receiving the appointment through a Polish committee in Paris. At the end of the war his prestige made him the logical man to represent the infant Polish state at the peace conference, and the fact was recognized by Marshal Pilsudski, who has been the real ruler of Poland from the time its independence was restored. Like Paderewski, Pilsudski was a great patriot; unlike him, he was a practical politician.

WHAT happened was this: Hardly more than a month after the Armistice, Paderewski entered Poland and received a frantic ovation. He had made part of his journey in a British cruiser, the latter a delicate attention by which the Allied authorities conveyed their regard for him. Pilsudski and the rest who were climbing into the saddle at home were turbulent Socialists, suspect to the Allies because they had had dealings with the Central Powers; Paderewski, through the Paris committee, was affiliated with the National Democrats, or silk-stocking party, which had been faithful to the Allied cause. Pilsudski detested the National Democrats, but knew Poland could make no headway at the peace conference without them. Within a few days he had persuaded Paderewski to take the helm of government.

There were, however, basic temperamental differences between them. Paderewski was clear and tempered, eminently reasonable; Pilsudski was gloomy and tortuous, something of a fanatic. Neither understood the other, and the pianist was not equipped to hold his own. His skin had not achieved the degree of toughness necessary to a politician; the attacks of opponents hurt and embittered him, and he could not bring himself to fight back with the customary dirty weapons of politics. He retired at the end of 1919, and has since been living at Morges, out of political life forever. He declines to enter the borders of Poland. He is regarded at home with gratitude and reverence, but more or less as a memory.

The gratitude is felt in part for his immense services to Poland at the peace conference. At first, hardened statesmen regarded this supposed amateur with skepticism, but he quickly convinced them. Lansing was pleasantly surprised by his "conservative judgment," his "instinctive sense of the practicable," his "unexcitable manner of discussing matters of difference." He had, of course, a wide knowledge of European affairs, and he had his old capacity for work. His speeches at the conference made an added impression, because he has an unusual endowment as an orator, in that he combines passionate feeling with clarity and exactness of thought. The personal friendships of many Allied statesmen were an important factor. Lloyd George, for example, was against Poland's claims on the whole, but he liked Paderewski, and once or twice warned that statesman of an anti-Polish move.

HE returned to the concert stage in 1922, and was welcomed with frenzy. He is no modern. The harsh, new, angular conceptions in music and art, and perhaps also in morals and government, have no appeal for him. His playing brings back the old romantic certainties. In the realm of thought the old certainties are no longer so certain: "the right side," "the wrong side," and even "*la patrie*" appear of doubtful value in the present jaundiced condition of the world. But in Paderewski's music they carry their old passionate conviction, and that may be one reason people love to hear him. As someone has truthfully said, we shall not see his like again.

—HELENA HUNTINGTON SMITH

•

TO ALL MEN THAT THEY BE VIRTUOUS

The world owes much to treachery,
Gluttony, and lechery.

The glutton's torpor gave us beds
And feather pillows for our heads,

And cookery, and railroad trains,
And medicine, and sewer drains.

Discontent with Nature's part,
The lecher manufactured art.

The cruellest and sharpest churl
Became the bailiff, then the earl.

The earl begat and held his fee,
And from him sprang nobility.

The goat, the viper, and the vulture
Gave us progress, art, and culture.

Miserable treachery,
Gluttony, and lechery,

These be vices much abhorred.
Virtue is its own reward.

—JAKE FALSTAFF

THE THEATRE

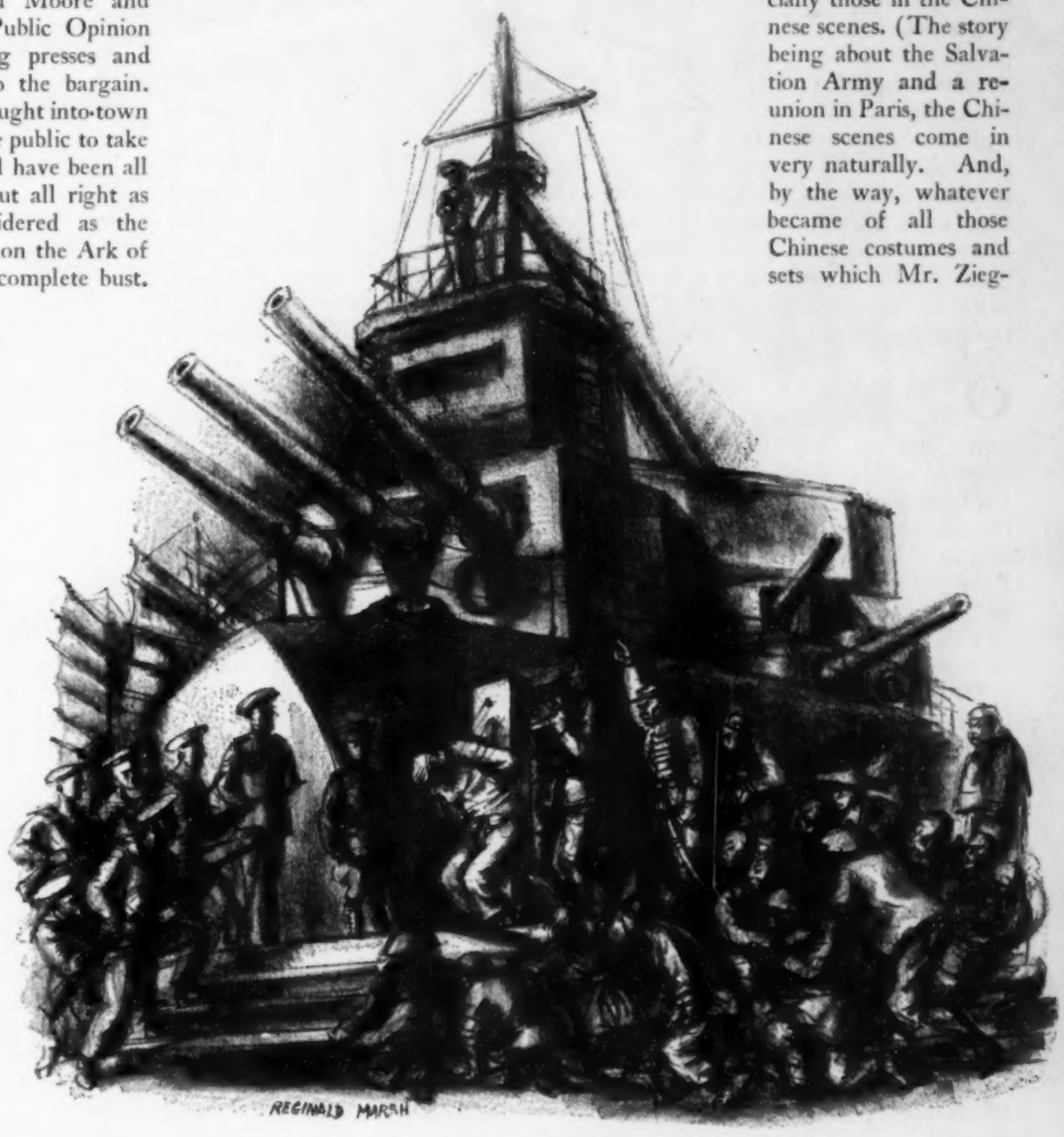
HAIL TO THE KING!

THERE are certain disadvantages to having the strange power over the Press which Mr. Ziegfeld seems to have. You get your publicity all right, but you have to live up to it. And nobody, not even Emperor Haile Selassie I of Abyssinia with all his headdresses, could have lived up to the advance publicity showered on "Smiles" by Messrs. Hearst and Moore and the other molders of Public Opinion who lent their printing presses and brought sandwiches into the bargain. Considered as a show brought into town on its own merits, for the public to take or leave, "Smiles" would have been all right—nothing much, but all right as such shows go. Considered as the Golden Calf brought in on the Ark of the Covenant, it was a complete bust.

Of course, no show with Fred and Adele Astaire in it could really be considered a *complete* bust. There are moments, such as when Fred is shooting down chorus-boys with his stick or, with Adele, is executing the beloved "run-around" to the accompaniment of an uncoördinated French band, when the back of your neck tingles and you realize that you are in the presence of something Pretty Darned Swell. Adele is a fine little comédienne (doesn't she get laughs out of the lines in "Smiles"?) and I don't think that I will plunge this nation into war by stating that Fred is the greatest tap-dancer in the world. If the Astaires were on every minute during the show, "Smiles" would be worth the rolls and rolls of newsprint that went into building it up.

But, even taking into account the sentimental value of Marilyn Miller, who represents to many young men the One Girl they loved and lost (even if they have never loved or lost at all), and the elaborate good taste of the Ziegfeld scenery and costumes, "Smiles" is really nothing but a great, big, dull show. And sixteen pages of pictures in the *American* or twelve front-page streamers in the *Telegraph* cannot make it anything else.

Two excellent comedians, Tom Howard and Eddie Foy, Jr., fight their way valiantly through the book of "Smiles," but comical as Mr. Howard's delivery is and comical as Mr. Foy's shoulders are, they can't do everything. There is some music by Vincent Youmans which is practically nothing (I am trying to remember where he has used "Rally Round Me" before, and I may have it by next week) and, if it weren't for "If I Were You, Love," with Ring Lardner's lyric, the score would be an almost total loss. The costumes and sets, as we have noted before, are very beautiful, especially those in the Chinese scenes. (The story being about the Salvation Army and a reunion in Paris, the Chinese scenes come in very naturally. And, by the way, whatever became of all those Chinese costumes and sets which Mr. Zieg-



"ROAR CHINA!"

On the stage of the Martin Beck there are not only real Chinamen in the act of being oppressed, but a real battleship, with officers and men, in the brutal act of oppressing.

feld had ready for the ill-fated musical version of "East Is West"? Thrown away, I suppose, by the prodigal, prodigal Master. They would have explained so much about why there are Chinese scenes in "Smiles.")

Let us repeat that "Smiles" is a beautiful, if dumb, show, judged by ordinary standards. But ordinary standards are not good enough for Mr. Ziegfeld. His show must have flashlights and police protection and white ties at its première. It must be heralded for weeks in advance by such newspapers as have financial interest in it or are just plain suckers. There must be a street parade in the morning and a grand diplomatic ball at the British Embassy at night, ending up with the townfolk strewing roses and the traffic in Times Square halting for five minutes while the guns from the fort boom out a salute of three hundred guns. Amid such impressive and overpowering surroundings, "Smiles" can rate nothing but a long and resonant bird.

ON the night when "Smiles" opened, all but one of the first-string critics put on their white ties and formed in Mr. Ziegfeld's line for a good whipping. They didn't even get their pictures taken as they entered the theatre. Mr. Littell of the *World* and I showed our independence and went to "Tonight or Never" at Mr. Belasco's theatre. At least, we heard some good singing.

"Tonight or Never" is not a musical show, but it tells the fairly familiar story of an opera singer who needed Something to make her sing better—and got it. By a sage bit of casting, Miss Helen Gahagan was chosen to play the part of the opera singer, and she has been studying abroad for two years and can really sing. This helped tremendously. During the first act, doubtless owing to nervousness, I was afraid that she had learned singing at the expense of her acting, for she did strange things with her mouth and her speaking voice which threatened to turn the play into something just a bit unpleasant. But as the comedy wore on, and Miss Gahagan recovered her nerves, she played the scene in which she forces her own seduction with a great deal of quiet humor, and from then on everything went perfectly.

"Tonight or Never" isn't one of the best comedies in town, but it is good enough for a pleasant evening and mildly shocking enough to cause a little giggling on the side.

BY an odd, and unquestionably genuine, coincidence, two of the most amusing of the new comedies in town have a touch of the same unusual situation as flavoring extract to their highly individual plots: a young girl in love with a forty-year-old artist who turns out to have been an old beau of her mother's. Right here, however, the similarity between "The Vinegar Tree" and "Art and Mrs. Bottle" stops, and I am rather sorry that I mentioned it at all.

For in "The Vinegar Tree" the situation is an entirely spurious one, a hay-wire concoction shaken up in the hilariously addled mind of Mary Boland (I say "Mary Boland" although the character's name is Laura Merrick, because it will always be Mary Boland to me). The artist in this case never *was* anything more than a good friend, but Miss Boland plays one of those twittery sentimental ladies of the *Moyen Retour d'Âge* to whom a friendly slap on the back in 1910 is softened by the years into the memory of a caress by 1930. And now is as good a time as any to say, as one of Miss Boland's original rooters when she was in "The Torch Bearers" who have been forced to wince a little at her clowning since, that she is now back again in her old stride, making her one of the few supremely comic actresses in our theatre. It was only just at the close of the second act, when her lines suddenly became clumsy, that she lapsed into her unfortunate manner, doubtless an instinctive attempt to help put across some speeches which she felt needed lifting. Aside from at this one point, soon forgotten, both the lines and Miss Boland were just exactly right.

Mr. Paul Osborn has written a combination farce-comedy for Miss Boland which makes him someone to be reckoned with whenever laughs are needed in the future. It would be difficult to explain the plot, even if I were any good at explaining plots, but it isn't very difficult to see why "The Vinegar Tree" is funny. It takes a scatterbrained woman and scatters her still more, but it is consistent and true and it surrounds her with friends and relatives who are consistent, if not so true. Furthermore, Mr. Dwight Deere Wiman, aside from his smartness in selecting the script, has had the wisdom to engage Mr. Winchell Smith to direct its production, with the result that Warren William as the artist, H. Reeves-Smith as the bilious and unwilling host, Helen Brooks as the daughter, and Katherine Wilson and Allen Vincent as the more or less subsidiary menaces (*every*one is a menace in "The Vinegar Tree") join together to make a practically perfect support for Miss Boland. In view of all this, I do not see how "The Vinegar Tree" can fail to be a huge success. It was with me, at any rate.

"ART AND MRS. BOTTLE" is nowhere near so hilarious, but it is very amusing nevertheless. Here, thanks to Mr. Benn Levy, who seems to be rushing about between England and America, writing, adapting, and tossing royalty cheques into the bank, we have Miss Jane Cowl as a long-lost mother who returns to her nest to find her children (to whom she has to be introduced) in the throes of those twin delusions, Art and Love. Her daughter is in love with the same artist who (this time no fooling) seduced her from her home twenty years before. Her son is in love with a model, who fortunately has too much family pride to consider him seriously as a husband. Mr. Bottle, concerned with the moralities and the successful disposal of drain-water, is completely at a loss in the face of it all. Mrs. Bottle fixes things up. In the course of her readjustments she has a few words to say about Art, Love, and Sanitary Plumbing, all to the credit of Sanitary Plumbing.

Miss Cowl is in her element as the wandering mother who has learned her lesson and, when Miss Cowl is in her element, things are apt to go very pleasantly. And here again, Messrs. Macgowan and Reed have selected a cast which gives a rare impression of being composed of highly intelligent people. Walter Kingsford, Katharine Hepburn, G. P. Huntley, Jr., Joyce Carey, Lewis Martin, and finally Leon Quartermaine as the unrepentant philanderer, all are excellent. I seem to be mentioning a lot of names in this article, but they are names which simply have to be mentioned.

I HAD intended saying nothing about the fact that I saw "Marseilles" (*né* "Marius") last year in Paris, because

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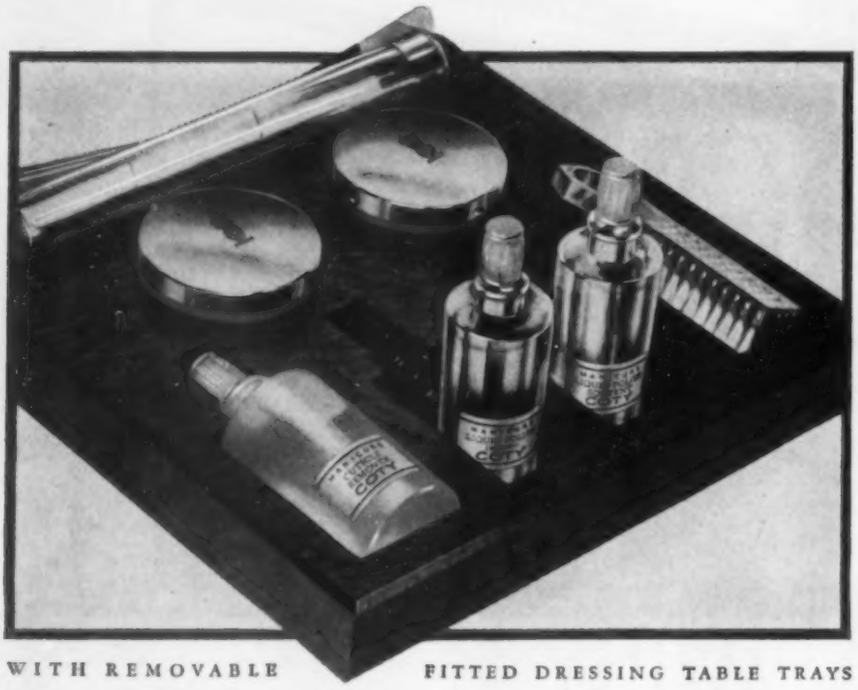

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I don't think that sort of thing gets you anywhere with your readers and it only makes you unhappy yourself. But I find myself forced to refer to the fact after having seen the play in New York, for, in Paris, I distinctly remember having been moved to a certain form of crying, whereas in New York I was just as brave and manly as a little soldier. Of course, in Paris my weakness may have been in part due to the fact that I didn't arrive at the theatre until the second act, after a dinner bristling with hearts-of-artichoke, and that I didn't quite catch all the words (the Marseillais dialect, you know. Difficult even for real French people).

In Mr. Gilbert Miller's New York production I was conscious of the fact that here was a very nice play, a very nice play indeed, about a boy who wanted to go a-roaming more than he wanted to be married, but I didn't want particularly to cry. There was plenty of local color, including the signs on the wall advertising "Byrrh," "Amer Picon," and "Dubonnet," but there was just a little too much Cockney going on to make me really feel that I was head over heels in genuine *bouillabaisse*. Once in a while, as, for instance, when Mr. Dudley Digges threw the telltale belt on the table for Alexander Kirkland to contemplate, I was moved to something resembling a spasm of excitement. And once in a while Miss Alison Skipworth gave me a good, peasant guffaw. But a great deal of the time I was waiting for those parts which I remembered (or thought I remembered) from Paris, and which never came. Perhaps that wasn't the show I saw in Paris after all.

I AM now definitely ready to announce that Sex, as a theatrical property, is as tiresome as the Old Mortgage, and that I don't want to hear it mentioned ever again. I am sick of little Southern girls who want "to live." I am sick of hearing fathers and mothers talk to little girls, Southern or otherwise, about "what lies before them." I am sick of rebellious Youth and I am sick of Victorian parents, and I don't care if all the little girls in all sections of the United States get ruined or want to get ruined or keep from getting ruined. All I ask is: don't write plays about it and ask me to sit through them. I don't know whether the little girl in "Schoolgirl" got what she wanted or not, because I left as soon as I saw what it was about. My God, don't children ever play *games* any more? —ROBERT BENCHLEY

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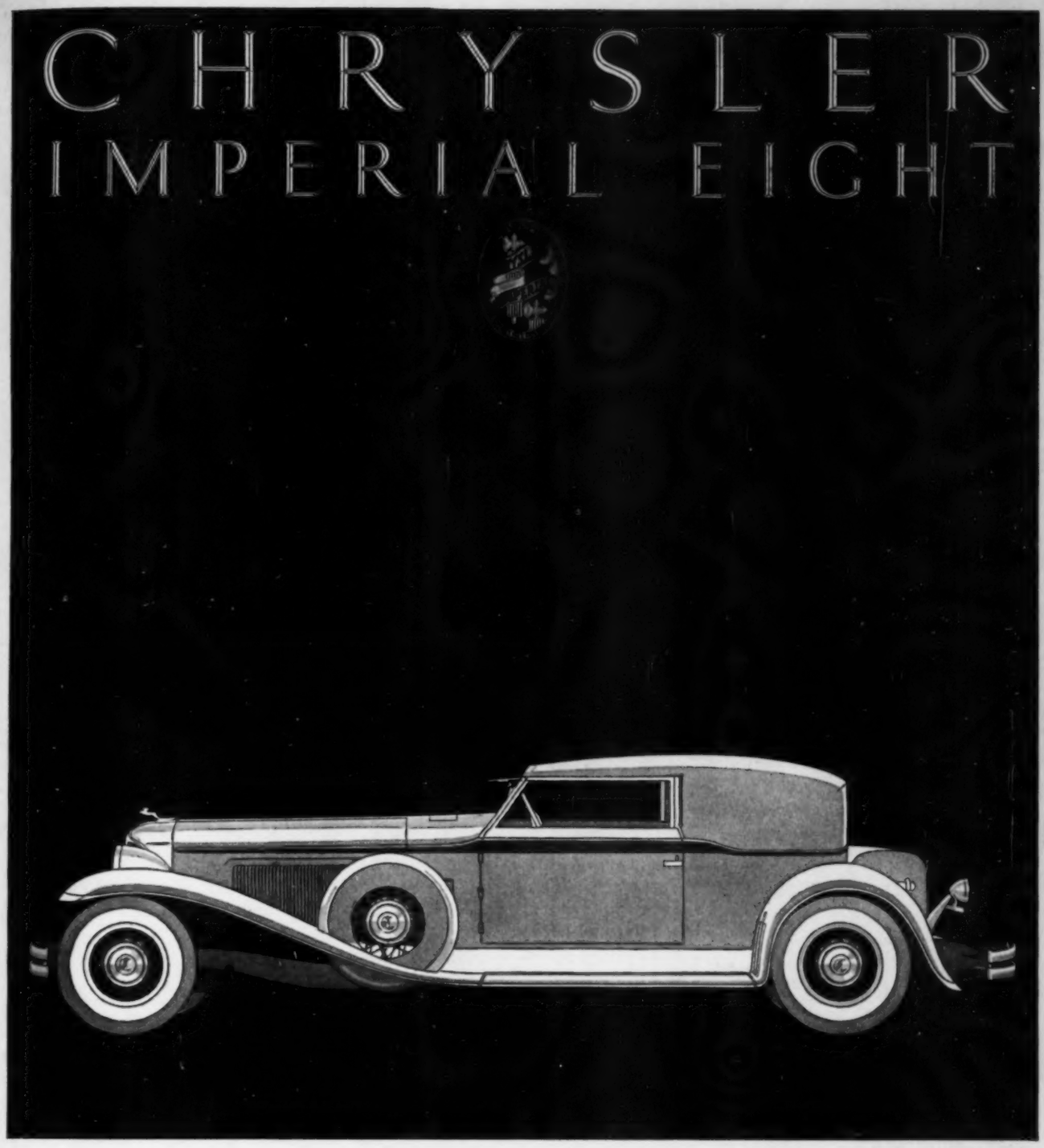

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WOMAN AND THE SALOON

THE other night, while the débutantes on each side of me chattered over their green drinks and their potato chips, I summoned up a memory of the Old Saloon, swinging doors, a vanished beer smell. I saw the Bar, its dark mahogany sheen smiling forth welcome to the tired and weary. No imperfection marred that gleaming, meliaceous sweep; no speck of dust such as one could always find—did!—on female-dusted furniture at home. I gazed upon the Lost Fountain of Ponce de León: beer-spigots and the perforated plate of smooth-polished brass which roofed the ice. There was the font of masculine civilization, the Mecca of the Male!

Below the Bar and running surely, end to end, I saw the Brass Rail. Oh, friend in need, comfort to the weary, spur to the live, beacon of the lost! Beside it, faithful little sentinels, squat man-friends, shining with a polish never known to the Korean ashtray Aunt Mattie sent for the wedding—the golden cuspidors.

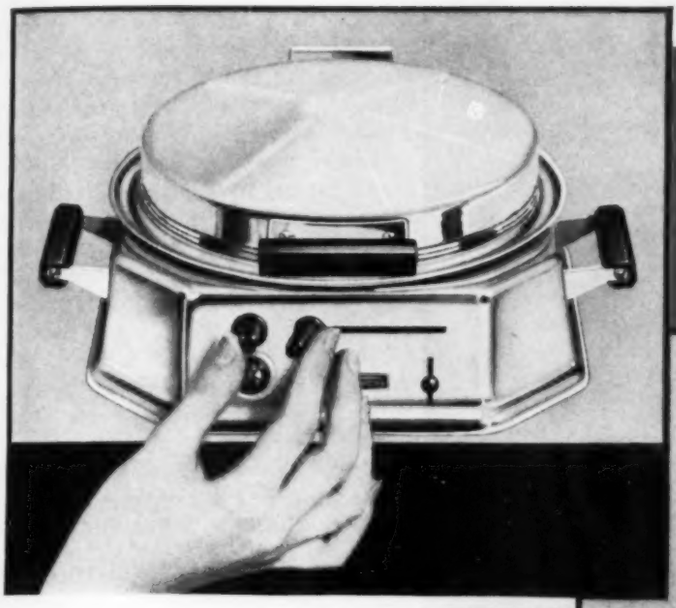
And the glasses. You prohibition drinkers can never know the sheer beauty of row after row, stack upon stack, of sparkling crystal goblets. Mountain high they stood, delicate, smiling, inviting, from the tiniest liqueur glass to the hugest beer stein of them all. Highball glasses, squat, medium, and tall (three sizes). Gin-rickey glasses, small, fragile, just big enough for one cube of ice, a quarter-lime, and the fundamental ingredients. Bulging champagne-cocktail goblets, frowned on by the more serious drinkers, but protected by the sacred live-and-let-live Law of the Saloon. Beer glasses, ranging from the short-beer thimble to the litre glass, deep, full-sided, cavernous. Shallow, fairylike vessels for the dry and airy Martini. Deeper, heavier ones for the earthier Manhattan. Still stouter goblets for the common Bronx. Slender pipings for the crème-de-menthe frappée—who ever drank one? Tall, costly champagne glasses, little used. Pitiful iced-tea beakers for the Horse's Neck, sad solace of unhappy men. The whiskey pony, short, fat, serviceable, friendly carrier of Man's medicine. All these were reared, like a child's dream of the Taj Mahal, before the shimmering mirror of the mother-glass: a maze of infinite beauty in which a man might rest his soul.

The Bartender: Jacket white, vest white, apron white; whiteness a woman never knew. Face red, clean, smiling. He was our confidant, friend, god. To the weary he gave a word of cheer, to the happy a new joke and an old smile, to the sad a sudden simple sympathy, to the sick the gentle ministrations of the physician, to all of us a priceless camaraderie, a—oh, I don't know—members of the same club!

Mingling its kind odors with the beer smell and the whiskey tang, the Free Lunch, by generous hands piled high, rested gloriously on its counter at the wall. Roasts of beef, lamb, pork, veal, slices of every sausage ever made, crackers, breads, cheeses, pickles, sardines, radishes, olives, beans, anchovies,

"You're not so bad-looking yourself, kid."

Here's That *Amazing New* Waffle-Iron That Makes Waffles *Automatically!*



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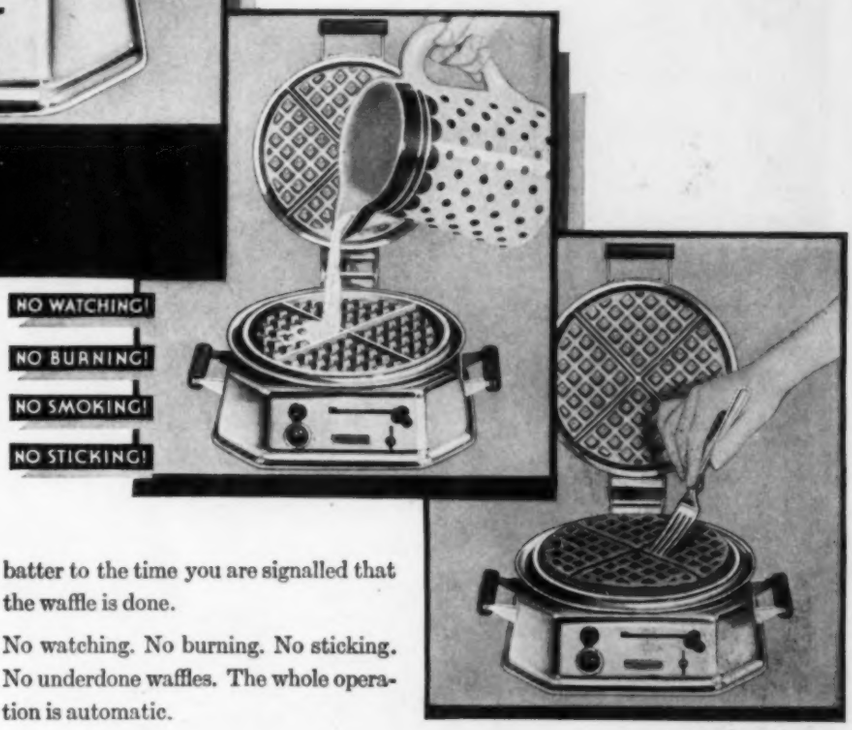

HERE now is that utterly new-type waffle-iron that makes waffles *automatically!* That banishes all the guesswork; all the burn, stick and bother from waffle making.

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PARFUMS LIONCEAU

potatoes, macaroni, soup, coffee, tea, lettuce, clam broth for the weak, and little green onions for the hardy. The Free Lunch was part of one's rightful Heritage as a Man. Females frequented tea shoppes; Men stood up to the counter with a nickel glass of beer.

YOU were well taken care of in the Old Saloon; greeted not so much as a customer but as a friend. Polite inquiries were made as to your welfare, even—perish the thought!—the welfare of your wife. Intimations were imparted that Rosebud was due in the fifth at Aqueduct. The treachery of politicians, aspects of the weather, woman's eternal vindictiveness, and the moral value of an established church in the community, were quietly discussed. The inexplicable failure of John McGraw's Giants to come through—with that infield!—was touched on, dolorously. I mean, you talked about what *you* wanted to talk about. Instead of listening for three hours to a tedious account of how Mrs. Gitch, next door, had the shades lowered *all morning* in the guest bedroom on the second floor. The Old Saloon was the Temple of Peace and Calm; white-frocked Bartenders were the priests; Man was God.

But now!

Woman—remorseless, irreverent, eternally sex-curious—has destroyed the Old Saloon. Forcing her way through its sacred portals with a lilt and a leer, she has tossed her vanity case on the speckless sheen of the Bar, despoiled the purity of the Brass Rail with the scuff of her Lanvin slipper, sullied the tender whiteness of the great mirror by powdering her nose in its pure reflection, fouled the very essence of the Temple by raising a female voice in ribald comment therein! *O tempora! O mores!*

In place of the dark beauty of the old Bar we have now, thanks to woman, a makeshift piece of maple, turned out complete, between dawn and dusk,

OPPORTUNITY FOR SALE!

THIS is one of those times when it seems desirable to emphasize the obvious.

Thus, good business in America is twelve months nearer revival than it was a year ago.

There are more people in the country now than then, more real money piling up in the banks, more wholesale, retail, consumers' shelves yawning for stock.

In the meanwhile Wear and Tear, Need and Desire—the Four Horsemen of commodity consumption—ride tirelessly on the job.

IF the combination of these obvious facts doesn't spell Opportunity in eye-smiting letters for the unafraid manufacturer of worthy goods we don't know our orthography.

A year from now many a Fabian businessman will look backward and regretfully wonder how he missed it.

The whole history of Business is golden testimony to the truth that *in times like these* the seeds of future growth and greatness are most fruitfully and most enduringly sown.

Even now, in almost every line, the businesses that are heeding this lesson by *working* instead of *wishing* are depression-proof and flourishing like the green bay tree!

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST feels kinship with every business that has the vision and the will to prosper.

It offers the deserving advertiser *now when needed* a privileged entry *under matchless sponsorship* into the richest, soundest market on earth.

It carries his message straight to the preferred families of America — that hub *three-million-strong* which turns the taste, thinking, *buying* of the nation — and fortifies it with the indorsement of its own tested character.

If the facts about your product will make intelligent people want it, our advertising pages can be in all truth designated "Opportunity for Sale"!

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"AN AMERICAN INSTITUTION"

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA

ALFRED DUNHILL

of London, Inc.

MAKERS OF THE WORLD-FAMOUS PIPES AND LIGHTERS

GIFTS FROM $5 to $25

Ash Trays
Bill Folds
Canes
Cigarette Cases
Cigarette Holders
Cigar Humidors
Hair Brushes
Bottle Openers
Lighters
Desk Sets
Pipes
Cigars
Tobacco Pouches
Tobacco Humidors
Pocket Knife & Pencil Sets

GIFTS FROM $25 to $100

Ash Stands
Binoculars
Book-Ends
Desk Sets
Pipes
Canes
Cocktail Sets
Compacts
Cigarette Cases
Cuff Links
Cigars
Cigar Cases
Dressing Cases
Lighters
Sport Watches

GIFTS FROM $100 to $2000

Original Bronzes
Boudoir Clocks
Cigarette Boxes
Combination Cigarette Case, Lighter and Watch
Cuff Links
Cellarettes
Humidors
Diamond and Platinum Evening Watches
Lighters
Cocktail Sets
Gold Sport Watches
Precious Stone Trays
Ladies' Fitted Motor Kits

FIFTH AVENUE at 43rd STREET, NEW YORK CITY

by a new manufacturing concern in Forty-sixth Street, and lined, from dusk to dawn, by cackling débutantes, demi-mondaines, and dowagers. Instead of the shimmering mountains of proper glasses, we now have plaster mugs for needled beer, and water tumblers—edges fouled by rouge—for synthetic whiskey. In place of the Bartender, Friend of Man, we are served by his unworthy successor, a strange being, out of Soda-Jerker by Hijacker. No Free Lunch. No Sawdust. No Saloon.

SADDENED unbearably by these thoughts, I fled from the dreadful place, and rushed crosstown to The Last Saloon. Only one left in the great City of New York! *Only one!*

Of course I did find, even in The Last Saloon, a sprinkling of fifth-form "men" from Hill, Princeton freshmen, and some older chaps from Phillips Andover. The conversation, too, was louder than it properly should have been. But what can you expect of these youngsters who have been brought up in the stifling air of the Home instead of in the wholesome atmosphere of the Saloon?

I slipped into my favorite corner and actually hugged that glorious old slab of mahogany. I looked into the clean and smiling faces of Dan and Mort, alert behind the Bar. But even in this last sacrosanct retreat I felt, presciently, the ominous shadow of Woman descending, all-blighting, across the calm. *Inescapable!*

"What'll it be?" asks Dan.

"Rye," say I. "What's yours?"

"The same," says Dan.

No, Dan, it will never be the same again. With the passing of the Old Saloon something incredibly precious went out of our lives. We are now a beaten sex. Stricken under the smashing axes of forty million Carrie Nations, Man has capitulated. Dan, we're licked! —PAUL PALMER

•

IF YOU'D CARE TO MEET—Blair Niles, first woman to make a study of a French penal colony . . Herbert Duffy, author of the first biography of Taft . . John Barkley, soldier-writer of "No Hard Feelings" . . or John Langdon-Davies, profound thinker and scientist—come Monday to the "Week of Authors," (2 to 5:30—Seventh floor Euclid Building). —*Adv. in Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Save us a place between the profound thinker and the penal-colony woman.

IN TWENTY THREE DAYS —PARIS TO RUSSEKS —TO YOU

12 Paris models shown in Paris on October 25th to 27th perfectly copied for you by Russeks at

$49.50

On October 25 and 27, these gowns made their debut at the mid-season openings of Bruyere, Redfern, Mirande. They arrived in New York, on November 3, on the S. S. Leviathan. Today, they're awaiting your selection in the Dress Shops of Russeks Fifth Avenue. Dramatic, isn't it? And typical of this swiftly moving era, which brings Paris to one's back door, overnight. The average cost of these gowns landed, was 9000 francs. Yet Russeks prices for exact copies are $49.50. Third Floor

RUSSEKS
FIFTH AVENUE

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

PARIS, Nov. 19

JUST as I wired you recently, the midseason shows here (but for one exception) might as well have folded up before they began, as far as anything new is concerned. It is patent that nobody is particularly eager to start anything right now. Even those who consider themselves the Don Quixotes of the fashion business are sticking pretty close to previous successes: printed dresses with plain-color coats, all-black or all-white evening things, and what have come to be known as "little" sweaters.

All in all there are these few tidbits to be gleaned from three weeks of leaping about the Place Vendôme and the Étoile: that day clothes, sports things in particular, look shorter than they did in August; that dark blue evening clothes and white lace ones are *plus à la page* than any of the others; that the spring colors are going to be noticeably bright (greens, except for Chanel's olive, are of the grassy variety, and blues are of the kind that don't show fading); that plaids are good, and in the future are going to be gooder.

THE Chanel things I wired you about are bits of cheer in the midst of this awful dearth of news. Olive isn't an accurate name for the green, because it looks well on sallow people; but it's the kind of a green that can be worn by those who don't wear green, if you follow me. Chanel has a new variety of her old favorite red, too—a bit lighter, and a bit more blue in it. The suit No. 323 (you will probably find it at Bonwit Teller) is an example. It's made of one of her light woollens in a tweed weave, with a fitted double-breasted jacket that has wide revers. There are the customary attached white collar and cuffs, but they're made of a piqué in a crisscross weave.

Chanel is using a lot of cottons and linens for those touches of fresh white on most of her day things. Some of the flowers and some of the cutout and pinked collars are of patterned madrases, like men's shirtings. There is a pleated collar with little cutout leaf edgings on a black-and-white one-piece dress you can see at Saks-Fifth Avenue (it's No. 230). You'll love her new man-size handkerchiefs of linen—fine things to carry tucked into a belt when you haven't time for a change of collar and cuffs.

The Chanel evening green is good and bright. It is better in chiffon than lace. Bendel has one of the chiffons (No. 290), a dress made in two tiers, each ending with a big cutout piece of the fabric, in the shape of oak leaves (I *think* they're oak leaves). There is a tiny straight line of featherstitching up the front of the dress, and at the back, below the waist, some shirring in a fan shape, that makes the skirt quite full below. The plaided jerseys are at Bendel too—one of them (No. 294), of red, blue, beige, and black, all huddled together in a sleeveless dress and a sleeved jacket that has a shoulder-yoke.

THERE are two handsome white evening dresses at Ardanse, both of them very simple and Greekish. Tanagra is of marquisette (you can't tell whether it's chiffon or georgette, at first) and looks exactly like the figures on old vases. Le Vœu d'Ardanse (this is at Saks-Fifth Avenue) is a dress-and-jacket combination of white lace and georgette. The dress begins with a cowl-necked blouse of georgette; the lace begins at the hips. Fresh flowers are always worn with Ardanse's evening clothes; the Baroness Accurti won't allow an artificial rose in the place.

AUGUSTABERNARD is showing one of the world's best coats. It's listed as No. 242, just another little black-broadcloth-astrakhan affair, but the sleeves make it a real coat; they are entirely of the fur, topped with cap-sleeves or epaulets of the material. This is worn over a dress of pale, very pale, apricot marocain (Augustabernard shows no prints).

I hope some buyer chooses dress No. 254, of black Angora jersey, so you can learn a new way to wear flowers: six little white ones across the centre of the square neckline. I hope, also, that someone buys Augustabernard's new satin evening dress of a light steely color that is neither a blue nor a green, so you can try wearing a train as *it* a train.

The black tiered dress No. 230 you will see at Altman; its white-faced collar avoids the obvious lines of the

"Now John, you've tried. It's my turn."

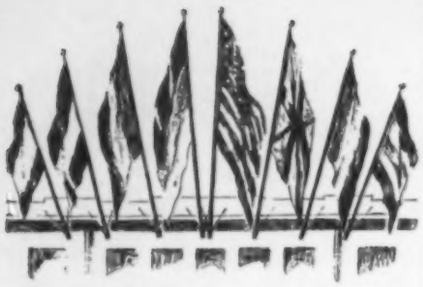
AETHEWOLD THE BRITON, took to wife the fair Elaine. His battle-scarred castle, sufficient in its barrenness for masculine tenancy, was a dubious setting for the pearl of his choosing. Emissaries were dispatched to the far ends of the earth . . . rival states pillaged . . . wars fought, until by right of barter, theft and conquest the choicest draperies and hangings were assembled in Aethewold's halls. What then took years and infinite pains to assemble can be secured today with minimum effort and at reasonable cost at W. & J. Sloane. Consultation with our experts enables them to suggest and arrange fine brocatelles, French brocades, hand-blocked and embroidered linens, wool and silk damasks in accord with good taste and the dictates of your fancy. The fabrics and workmanship are constant in quality, many of the designs exclusively Sloane, and the prices attractive.

W. & J. SLOANE

575 Fifth Avenue at 47th Street

NEW YORK CITY

Washington Los Angeles San Francisco



Tribal Tales of the ALGONQUIN

No. 10

Where Else Could This Happen?

EVERY now and then when you pass one of the prominent hotels you see a foreign flag flying outside. It means that an ambassador or some other celebrity is staying there.

If we hung out a flag at The Algonquin for every foreign celebrity registered here, it would make the place look like the *Avenue des Alliés* on fête day.

To give you some idea of the international character of the Algonquin's patronage, here is a partial list of distinguished guests who are living at the hotel at this time:

INDIA
Rabindranath Tagore
GREAT BRITAIN
Stephen Graham
Frederick Kerr
John Langdon Davies
Marie Belloc Lowndes
GERMANY
General Von Blomberg
Oberst Kuehlenthal
CHINA
Anna May Wong
AUSTRIA
Count Rene d'Harnoncourt
ROUMANIA
Konrad Bercovici
RUSSIA
Elena Miramova
SPAIN
Antonio De Lara
U. S. A.
H. L. Mencken
Peter Arno
Bill Tilden
Florence Easton

Every day at The Algonquin looks like an overflow from the League of Nations.

HOTEL ALGONQUIN
59 West 44th Street
New York City

usual white collar, and folds around the neckline so that the white shows only here and there.

FOR Palm Beach, maybe: Lyolene's two perfect pajama outfits: No. 228, navy jersey trousers, and pale blue (bright pale blue) blouse, with a deep V-shaped bertha that buttons on the trousers; and Tunisie, of striped linen, in oranges and yellows, to be worn with Marie Christiane's orange hat whose brim is wider than your shoulders, and with Lyolene's orange-and-yellow wood beads (all these at Macy). . . . Bruyère's Dolly, of white tussore, with an extremely low back décolletage; and Corsaire, of burnt-orange coarse shantung, with a little square cape that covers the deep back neckline (the Dolly dress, at Bonwit Teller and Saks-Fifth Avenue; Corsaire, at Saks-Fifth Avenue). . . . Martial et Armand's Incroyable pajamas—red linen trousers and jacket, with trouser legs and sleeves slashed, and a crêpe de Chine blouse tied in two bows, back and front (at Macy); their new printed piqué dresses, worn with plain-colored piqué fitted jackets—the piqué very fine; their new dark blue dotted-swiss evening dresses, made especially for resort wear; and their tunic dresses, made of a new Bianchini silk-and-wool material that reminds you of frisca—only it's washable. —B. M.

TINSEL AND RED RIBBON

AS life becomes more and more complicated, and Christmas shoppers are bumping into one another merrily on street corners, we are becoming more and more competent. But please, if you love us, remember that we can't give you a list of every worthy dealer in Christmas presents. We can't be everywhere or see everything. These are suggestions.

During the past four weeks, you have been enraptured while we discussed (you saved your copies, of course) the following:

November 1 . . . Christmas cards, luggage, and monograms.
November 8 . . . Photographers, art and such, frames and framers, lingerie and boudoir froufrous, and miscellaneous orders.
November 15 . . . Assistants and helpers, caterers, entertainers, children's parties, radios, phonographs and records, radio cabinets, and domestic animals and their accessories.

The Beverly
Residential Hotel
125 East 50th Street

A SMART place of residence for the New Yorker who wishes to be near things and yet away from the throng. Full hotel service is provided, with the noted Beverly-Divan restaurant cuisine to complete your comfort.

1 to 4 rooms, furnished or unfurnished, with serving pantries, on seasonal or yearly lease.

Wallace K. Seeley, Manager—Telephone Plaza 2700

MAGIC OF THE . . . SOUTH SEAS

BEAUTY-ROMANCE THE TROPICS

HAWAII
now only 8 Days from BROADWAY
Boat train leaves Jan. 20

SPEED to Chicago on either the "Century" or the "Broadway" . . . to San Francisco via the famous Overland Route . . . to Honolulu on the palatial S.S. Malolo. Four glorious sunny days on the Pacific. Every possible refinement of travel service.

Make your reservations now. Write, phone or see H. A. LAWRENCE, Union Pacific Agent, 475 Fifth Ave., Ph. Lexington 2450.

UNION PACIFIC
The MATSON LINE

November 22 . . . For children—Part I, perfumes and such, and haberdashers.

This week, a new batch of problems will be settled when we discourse on:

For children—Part II, below.
Children's clothes, page 53.
Jewelry, page 55.
Semiprecious jewelry, page 59.
Men's jewelry, page 60.
Tips on mailing and expressing, page 62.

FOR CHILDREN—PART II

LAST week's installment of this story ended with an account of Lord & Taylor's toy department. This week's (which continues the sensible policy of dealing with everything for children except clothes and books) starts out, unalphabetically enough, with Lewis & Conger, where some unexpected childish items have come to light in the interim:

LEWIS & CONGER, Sixth Avenue and Forty-fifth Street: Big toy chest on wheels; painted black, with Mother Goose rhymes all over it in colors; has handles like an express wagon, for pulling; $4.95. Child's knife-and-fork sets in stainless steel; coral, green, ivory, or blue handles; $2.75. Steppup sets: one large and two small wooden benches with dog's head at one end and tail at other; to be used as nursery table and chairs; $12.

MACY, Broadway and Thirty-fourth Street: A big, beautiful jumble of big, beautiful toys. These stand out of the mêlée: Fur coats for dolls, real lapin, in white, beige, and dark brown. Made to fit the eternal Patsy doll (I swore I would never mention the name again, and now look!) and her larger counterpart, Patsy Ann; with berets to match; $4.96 and $8.44. Second deluxe idea—super doll's-houses; scale models looking, to my prejudiced eye, like good architecture. In any case, they come in a number of styles, including Early Colonial, Georgian, and English half-timber. Average size, $44.50; four rooms, kitchen, and bath, with fireplace. What is more: Nursery playroom furniture—tables with bakelite tops which will resist practically anything; handsome little Early American secretary desks; chests of drawers; easel-top desks, with two drawers and top that tilts up for reading, or messing about with paints. New game idea: electrical baseball, a miniature reproduction of the World Series chart they used to hang up every year opposite the Times Building; $3.79. And a special lot of gift boxes to sell at $4.96, graded to age.

MCCREERY, Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street: A department

AUTOMOBILE SALON

PRESENTING THE ARISTOCRACY OF MOTORDOM

Commodore Hotel, New York

November 30—December 6, 1930

Hotel Biltmore, Los Angeles

February 7-14, 1931

Palace Hotel, San Francisco

February 21-28, 1931

THE AUTOMOBILE SALON presents annually to a discriminating and distinguished clientele, all that is really meritorious in high-grade motor cars, custom coach work, and the various accessories thereto, admirably staged in a beautiful and appropriate setting, and on a scale commensurate with the importance and character of the products exhibited.

The world's foremost carrossiers will present a brilliant ensemble of new creations in custom coachwork.

On Exhibition

CADILLAC	DU PONT	MINERVA
CHRYSLER	FRANKLIN	PACKARD
CORD	ISOTTA	PIERCE-ARROW
CUNNINGHAM	LA SALLE	ROLLS-ROYCE
DUESENBERG	LINCOLN	STUTZ
	MARMON	

Coachwork Exhibits by

BREWSTER	FLEETWOOD	MURPHY
BRUNN	JUDKINS	ROLLSTON
DERHAM	LA GRANDE	WALKER
DIETRICH	LE BARON	WATERHOUSE
RAY H. DIETRICH	LOCKE	WEYMANN
FISHER	MERRIMAC	WILLOUGHBY

THE WORLD'S FINEST MOTOR CARS

THIS WILL BE A PRACTICAL CHRISTMAS

Modernage proves that practical gifts can be beautiful.

The largest display of modern furniture in America.

Open Mondays until 8 P. M.
Saturdays until 5 P. M.

MODERNAGE
FURNITURE CO
541 EAST 17th STREET
STUYVESANT-5486
MANUFACTURERS OF FINE MODERN FURNITURE EXCLUSIVELY

full of lovable toys. Real skin cow; container inside for milk, which comes out by Nature's own method; $5.95, and very educational. Lovely, long-haired woolly terriers from England, which makes them very authentic; $5.95. Very small dog with old shoe in mouth; wind it up and it shakes shoe wildly; $1. Lots of carriage toys, soft and squashy, with lifelike squeaks; ducks, bunnies, dogs; pastel colors. Irresistible doll's clothes, and accessories of every kind; lingerie, sports clothes, and beach suits; knitted swimming suits, terry-cloth robes, everything. Special doll—piccaninny made of brown velvet, dressed in orange; holds silly yellow velvet dachshund, which can be played with separately; $6.50 the set. Finally, a noteworthy group of doll's-house furniture in metal—the extremely tiny kind for very small houses.

NEEDLEWORK SHOP, 9 East Forty-seventh Street: Specialists in gifts for shut-ins. Good puzzles a feature. Other ideas: Bag of gifts for every day of the week, or for whenever child takes medicine. Embroidery-picture sets. Towel sets to be embroidered. Things like that, and very good, too.

PLAYLAND, 686 Madison Avenue: One of the most original toy shops in town. Lots of discrimination shown in made-up Christmas boxes—chimneys with Santa Claus doll emerging at top, carrying endless packages of amazing toys, $5 to $25; baskets on the same plan; little suitcases and hatboxes filled with toy sets of all kinds—all these done, logically, with an eye to the child's age and sex. There is also a stocking department, where huge kasha stockings can be filled according to your own directions—or the whole job can be left (safely) to the shop. Among the stocking toys: A bugle that really blows; a flashlight made in form of candlestick; a toy pistol which turns out to be a flashlight; a dagger with blade that collapses into handle. Other features: Boxes of French stationery; nursery-rhyme illustrations and French captions. Big fortress, built into box which unfolds; for storage, fold up sides and close down lid; $7.50 and $10. Pig bookrack; shelf supported by pair of pigs; $7.50. Swiss pendulum clock, to be assembled; has

Miami's Finest Bayfront Hotel

The COLUMBUS

MIAMI, FLORIDA

Sixteen floors of solid comfort overlooking Bayfront Park, Biscayne Bay and the Atlantic Ocean. Convenient to every important attraction in the greater Miami area.

Wm. M. Gale, *Manager*

The Biscayne Room

Roof garden rendezvous of the smart cosmopolitan group—where dining is an inspiring event.

TUESDAY—the day when a certain Crocodile Worshipper of Ancient Egypt observed the post-prandial cleansing of his Deity's teeth by a small ichneumon lizard. Deciding that mankind should follow the wisdom of the Sacred Reptile, he thereupon invented the Dentiscalp (or

It's Tuesday.

toothpick). Thus began the deforestation of our Northwestern States. Tuesday is also the day people of post-prandial wisdom tune in on WABC at 8:45 p.m. for that final touch to a perfect dinner—the mellow melody and spirited entertainment of The Premier Chef and his Premier Salad Dressers.

VERY Civilized . . .
The New
SHOREHAM
(IN WASHINGTON)

LUXURIOUS...YES! In every detail. Sunshine, air, quiet, three windows in every bedroom and every bedroom spacious. A swimming pool, glass-enclosed. Four tennis courts. A riding stable with thirty mounts.

Now New Yorkers will like to go to Washington.

•

RATES
$5.00 and $6.00 Single
$8.00 and $9.00 Double

The SHOREHAM
CONNECTICUT AVE. AT CALVERT ST.
WASHINGTON, D. C.
L. GARDNER MOORE, General Manager

THE *Avenue's* LATEST

The newest Steelart Bridge Furniture upholds Steelart traditions of smart beauty and commendable strength. Among the new-comers to your favorite stores are tables with backgammon tops or Center-Score tops for contract players. Modest prices for modish designs. Write for descriptions. Phone—Wisconsin 7910 for names of New York Stores. Lyon Metal Products, Incorporated, Aurora, Ill.

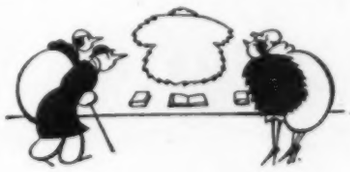
LYON
STEELART
Furniture

all the necessary parts and probably a few extras; $6.50. Mail-coach holdup set: mountains, trees, Indians, and Buffalo Bill scouts (mounted and afoot), and the coach itself; $25. Final strong point: Boxes and gift combinations made up to order for the in-between age—girls of thirteen and fourteen; they have a particular sort of genius here for good suggestions.

THE PLAYROOM, 220 West Ninety-eighth Street: My best advice on this admirable place is that you see their catalogue, which lists everything they have according to age of child. In the meantime, some details: Illustrated cookbook for older children; $1.50. Stockinet doll with waterproof finish; one that can really be bathed; $3.50. Combination blackboard and easel—two sizes—for one child or two peaceful little angels; $12.50 and $15. Architect's set; all materials for making a gas station, including stucco; $4. Good workbench; $25. Posture chairs for habitual young loungers; make them sit up straight and like it; $6.50, including fitting.

RUSSIAN BAZAAR, 618 Fifth Avenue: Nice inexpensive Russian toys, most of them grand for stockings. Russian teddy-bear set; stuffed furry bears, dressed like wood-chopper and his family; Poppa carries hatchet; Momma carries baby; accessories, a sled and a bottle; $4.50. Children's Tartar boots; high, leather, embroidered; $4.50. Stamp-savers: wooden boxes to hold stamps of all kinds; seventy-five cents. Peasant dolls; $2 to $12.50. All kinds of carved wooden animals; fifty cents.

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE, Fifth Avenue and Fiftieth Street: Elegant woolly animals. Long-legged lamb, almost lifesize; $12.50. English sheep dog, big, fluffy, and authentic; $15. Lifelike spaniel. And others. Doll equipment—complete line of accessories, including perfume-atomizers, briefcases, clinical thermometers for playing doctor, manicure implements, handbags (leather and silk), tiny fans; prices ranging from twenty-five cents to $1. Industrial sets for little girls—chiefly millinery sets, with complete equipment for making dolls' hats and all sorts of modish trimmings, veilings, etc.; $3.50 to $15. Boys' pocket toys—little compasses, $1.50 and $2.50; magnifying glasses; microscopes. Adventure equip-



Don't
try a 300-yard
DRIVE with a
shinny stick

OF course, you wouldn't. At the card table, too, the rule of good tools as an accessory to skill holds good. That's why so many fine players always prefer Aristocrats . . . the distinguished cards that never stick together, that have the delightful feel of quality, the smart pickup and easy fanning and shuffling that you've always looked for. Cards — in short — that are the silent, efficient, unostentatious aid to aristocrats among players. The few cents' difference between Aristocrats and ordinary cards is forgotten in the first shuffle. High, lustrous finish as well as linen finish. Recognize Aristocrats by their bank-note backs, exclusive in this brand.

Aristocrat
PLAYING CARDS
RUSSELL PLAYING CARD CO.
NEW YORK, U. S. A.
Bridge and Poker Packs
Manufacturers also of the exquisite Regal Multi-Color Bridge Cards.

Thank goodness...

THERE IS A NEW GIFT UNDER THE SUN!!

SUPPOSE that you knew tomorrow's weather right now—couldn't you plan your time to better advantage? Do you wonder that Taylor Stormoguides are so welcome?

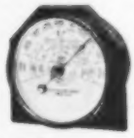
The moving arrow-point tells the simple story—"Fair, followed by rain"—"Increasing winds, colder"—"Cloudy and warmer"—the weather's entire cycle.

A unique, appreciated gift, not likely to be duplicated.

At department, optical, sports goods and hardware stores. Many New York dealers can show you the three Stormoguide models. See them today.

Taylor Stormoguide Junior, No. 2258

A sturdy, reliable weather forecaster. Thousands in use all over America. Walnut finished, bakelite case, aneroid movement. 4½ inch white dial. Adjustable for altitude, from sea level to 2,500 feet. Accurate, dependable. $10.



Taylor Stormoguide Standing Pattern No. 2259

Same as No. 2258, above, with handsome easel stand on broad base. Gold-toned dial. An impressive gift for office or home. $15.

Taylor Instrument Companies
ROCHESTER, N. Y., U. S. A.
CANADIAN PLANT, TYCOS BUILDING, TORONTO.
MANUFACTURING DISTRIBUTORS IN GREAT BRITAIN: SHORT & MASON, LTD., LONDON

Taylor *Stormoguide*
THE SIMPLIFIED BAROMETER

ment—pistol in leather holster and rubber dagger in sheath, $3.50; gardeners' carts with cutting basket and tools; child-size; $15 up. Little rabbit hutch: house and yard and four woolly rabbits; very real; $2.50. Aviary: birds of all kinds assembled in fenced enclosure; from penguins to sparrows; $2.50. Miniature grand piano, doll's-house size; opens like real one and has music box inside; $8. New three-walled room, done as sandwich shop; lunch counter with swivel seats, two waitresses, food supplies like ginger ale, hot dogs, rolls, etc., with box of little dolls for customers; $25.

MAX SCHLING, SEEDSMAN, 618 Madison Avenue: All kinds of dependable bulbs for forcing, and pretty bowls to plant them in. That they are dependable is important. Any child psychologist will tell you how bad it is for children to be disappointed. Newest wonder here is a kind of crocus-like flower that can be grown to the blooming stage in about eight days; a special feature for horticultural children, this variety being admittedly no more patient than the average kid.

SCHOENFELD, 1254 Lexington Avenue: Marvellous place for gifts for the imaginative child. Some details: New blocks with a good solid idea behind them—each block has picture of animal and voice to match the picture; $3.75 to $6. Lots of those three-walled stages—every room of the house; and some miscellaneous outdoor scenes: snow scene, with music, dolls on skis and sleds, etc., $15; garrison scene, with music box playing "March of the Wooden Soldiers," $15; animal orchestra, also with music box, $22.50. Stable with three animals, each with voice; $3.75.

F. A. O. SCHWARZ, 303 Fifth Avenue: Just to give you a faint idea of what goes on in this tremendous shop: All the new Kaethe Kruse dolls, with improvements like woven-in hair. Toy carrousel with electric lights and a music-box accompaniment; $20. Bear that blows soap bubbles—as if having a music box inside wasn't enough; $40. Smoking bear; has cigarette that lights up, just to put ideas in a child's head; $22.50. Knockout gift for the Nature-loving child: greenhouse, complete with pots, growing-tables, watering pot, earth and seeds; $5 to $25. Every

Richelieu Pearls

Intriguing Like beautiful eyes

Each Pearl A Beautiful Creation
Marion O'Day of EARL CARROLL VANITIES
Assembled with extreme care into strands of various lengths

Quality	M	$5	Upwards
"	PO	$10	"
"	C	$20	"
"	XXX	$50	"

At The Better Shops

GUARANTEED
Not to peel or discolor
JOS. H. MEYER BROS.
LABORATORIES BROOKLYN N.Y.

Luggage

for Gifts

Also depot for genuine
VUITTON *Trunks and Service*
16 EAST 52ND STREET, NEW YORK

Arthur Gilmore INC.

SHORTHAND
& TYPEWRITING IN ONE MONTH
By Prof. Miller, who taught at Columbia University FIVE YEARS
MILLER INSTITUTE OF SHORTHAND
1465 Broadway at 42nd St., N. Y. City
(This is not a Correspondence Course)

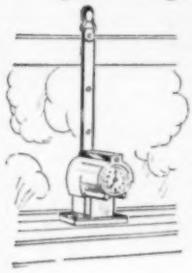
kind of electric train, and some station accessories to make things more exciting—cigarstands, paperstands, information booths, and train-arrival boards; $3.75 and $5. Deep-sea diver; goes to bottom grasping electric lantern; $3.25. And the usual collection of my year-to-year favorites—costumes of all kinds: cowboy, Indian, gypsy, pirate, armored knight, everything; and play wigs for little girls—blond curls for the straight-haired brunettes; long auburn tresses to play fairy princess with; white coiffures for Revolutionary War games—all at around $2, and as swell a gift as you could possibly give.

STERN, 41 West Forty-second Street: Big clown on trapeze—push a bellows arrangement and he does tricks; $2.95. Tin doll called Busy Lizzie; sweeps carpet with frantic industry when properly wound; fifty cents. Toy gas station; has electric lights and pump which can be filled with water; $11.95. Car with electric headlights and red stop-light; $3.50—fits in gas station. Dolls for doll's-houses—family of father, mother, two children, nurse, and maid, $2.25 and $4.50; wedding party, $2.50; servants in correct livery, sixty-five cents each. Plates of food for doll's-house tables; full-course dinners beginning with caviar can be assembled for about $1.50. Latest addition to doll's-house equipment: tiny dial phone. Boxes of wooden animal parts, to be put together by child; $3.95. Lead-soldier molds; sets, $3.95. Broom closet, built to fit into corner; holds mop, pail, brush, floor waxes, and can of O-Cedar oil. Chemcraft sets in all sizes; complete with books of simple, harmless experiments, like making soap. Draughtsmen's outfits, with blueprints; $1.25. Boxes of modelling clay and wax: new kind called Glitter Wax; all colors; some with embossing blocks. Magnetic bathtub toys: fish, boats, ducks; draw them around through the water with a magnet; $1 and $1.50. Black caracul (honestly!) Scottie, puppy-size; opens mouth (red inside), wags tail, walks, and barks, all at same time—very real; $17.50. Stages, with sets of scenery to shift, and hordes of character dolls (cardboard) worked from above by wires; $6.50 and $8.95.

WANAMAKER, Broadway and Ninth Street: Big collection of remarkably good stuffed animals, done

GIFTS Janet Gray SAW AT LEWIS & CONGER

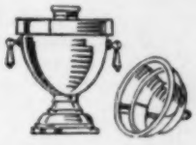
WINDOW CLOSER—Anne will adore having this to close her bedroom window on frigid mornings. The Closer fastens to the sill. Has a clock you set for half an hour or so before getting-up time. Then at that hour the clock releases a coil spring and down slides the window gently. **$13.50**



NO-BATTERY FLASHLIGHT—"I wish to Pete," sputtered the Big Chief, "that someone would invent a reliable flashlight!" This, after his had flickered out. Well, someone has—the No-Battery. It always works. Has no batteries. Generates its own electricity. A twist of the handle—and you have light! Finished in red, green, or khaki. **$10.00**

This **ELECTRIC TIE PRESSER** will be among Bob's presents on Christmas morning. It clamps a tie tight and then the heat presses the tie so that it comes out wonderfully fresh and new looking. The Presser, I think, is a nice gift for a lad who is beginning to be fussy about his clothes. **$3.00**

SMOKE CONSUMER—Now don't laugh, but I'm giving Aunt Helen a Smoke Consumer—just because it fusses her so to have Uncle Henry's pipe make the living-room blue with smoke. With the Consumer on the job, however, smoke vanishes quick as a wink. Alcohol and a platinumized ring in the Consumer do the trick. 4½" high, bronze finish. **$5.00**



DANCING FAIRY LIGHTS—They're going to a number of friends of ours who own open fireplaces. Sprinkled on the burning logs, they make the fire stream and leap with lovely changing color. Fairy Lights come in the form of pine cones, mosses, sprigs and berries impregnated with fairy fire. A gorgeous box full, covered with gay paper and tied with raffia, is only **$3.00**

THE STEPPUP FAMILY—The "little feller" in our family is a big boy now. So I'm getting him this Big Steppup Table and two little Steppup stools. They're strongly built of wood, painted green, ivory or blue, and blanketed around their middles with oilcloth. A puppy face forms one end, a jaunty tail the handle. Set—table and 2 stools, **$12.00**

©1930, Lewis & Conger

Janet Gray

LEWIS & CONGER

45th Street and Sixth Avenue, New York City VANderbilt 0571

There is a great deal of confusion worse confounded—and, we fear (tchk, tchk!), much ungentlemanly language—in the domestic scene pictured above. In contrast to this, gaze upon the almost beatific calm of the illustration at the foot of the column. There you see TIPPIT, the world's new menace to matches, fulfilling its obligation to society quickly, quietly and efficiently.

TIPPIT

lights instantly when you tip it, and goes out with the same quick responsiveness to your wishes when you put it down, because it is so balanced that it rights itself and automatically shuts off the current. If, like most of us, you can resist anything but temptation, feast your eyes on the following TIPPIT color schemes: in Sterling silver throughout; in glistening jet black or an imperial Chinese red, with caps of bonanza gold or skyscraper chromium; and rich walnut or mahogany with harmonizing bronze caps. The generous 8-ft. cord, in colors to match the above, holds TIPPIT at one end and a light-socket plug at the other.

TIPPIT,

my lady Nicotine's new vis-à-vis, is bound to become, if you will pardon the enthusiasm, this year's most welcome birthday remembrance and Christmas gift, as it is already the real reason why so many former bridge partners are not on speaking terms (need we explain this?). There should no longer be any doubt in your mind of the great glee with which TIPPIT will be received from pent-house to parlor, or—to make it doubly clear—from Park Avenue to Main Street. All that remains is for you to know that you can see TIPPIT in the better department stores; specialty and gift shops; jewelry, electrical, and tobacco shops; clubs; and retail stores of public utilities.

In any color combination:

$5

In Sterling Silver:

$12.50

Electraeraft Corporation

161 Massachusetts Ave., Boston, Mass.

Inquiries from dealers will receive prompt attention!

like a dog show; $1 and up. Lifesize wire-haired terrier, very real; $7.50. Red chow—squeeze tail and it barks; $5.75. Another terrier—pat it on back and it turns its head; $5. Dog and cat, from Paris—dog barks and wags tail, cat meows and waves tail with sinuous motion; $17.50 each. Mickey and Minnie Mouse in velveteen jeans; $1.50 to $4.85. Pair of dancing Apache dolls—work on string; $5. Happy Tom tricycle; made to look like cat, with head in front and tail behind, giving child something to lean against. Too many more things to list successfully. Enormous doll and mechanical-toy departments, with just everything.

The Santa Claus here is probably the only one in town with genuine white whiskers. They have him in a sort of fairy-palace setting—something like one of Little Nemo's dreams, with enchanted princesses and turreted castles standing about.

WOOLWORTH: Ten-cent toys with everything to recommend them. The makings, for instance, of a real child's trapeze, with seat or rings, all the parts available at ten cents each—seat, ropes, hooks, and the rings—fifty cents in all. Tin toys—camouflaged cannon, about 6 inches; army truck, also camouflaged. Miniature golf accessories—clubs, bags, tees, hazards—complete set can be assembled for about a dollar. Farmyard and village toys in iron—animals, etc., and Christmas *crèche* figures. And the usual assortment of aluminumware, exact copies of large pieces. This year's have red wooden handles.

YOUNG BOOKS, INC., 23 East Sixty-third Street: Musical muff, made of fabric in several colors, or to order in your own choice; plays tune when squeezed; $9. Musical pillows on same principle; $7. Washable scrapbooks; filled, $6; unfilled, $4; and grand either way. Peter Rabbit Race game, played like parchesi with four Beatrix Potter figures; $2. Bird picture puzzles, approved by the Audubon Society; three puzzles, $1.25.

FOOTNOTE: Last week we listed a certain number of toys that turned up in every shop we investigated. This week's ubiquitous crop is as follows: The Pal Picture Player (a portable phonograph with picture-slide attachment showing familiar nursery-rhyme

Whitehall

Palm Beach

Opening January 10th

New York Office
THE BERKSHIRE
21 East 52nd Street
MARTIN SWEENY
Manager
Plaza 5800

WORDS—*by Them.*
MUSIC—*by Smith Ballew and his Orchestra.*

SHE: "How did you discover such a simply perfect place to dine?"

HE: "Theresa raved about Smith Ballew's music, Jack press-agented the food, and I found out for myself that there was still one place where a young broker in a bear market, could afford to throw a wonderful party."

Club Dinner with Dancing $2.00 per person. No Cover Charge. Club Luncheon Complete $1.25. VANderbilt 7057.

SALTZMAN'S
RESTAURANT
LINCOLN BUILDING
60 EAST 42nd STREET
Opposite Grand Central Terminal

and fairy-tale pictures while record plays accompaniment); Admiral Byrd's Expedition sets (tin-soldier size); jazz drum outfits; Radio Rex—an old favorite revived (bulldog that leaps out of doghouse); and a tricycle with sidecar for a sister, provided she is meek and peaceful in her ways. These are in practically every shop.

Anyone who thinks we mean to imply by this that every other item mentioned in the list is exclusive with the shop it is credited to is just an old silly.

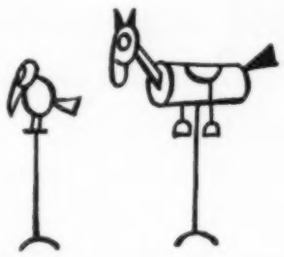
—B. B.

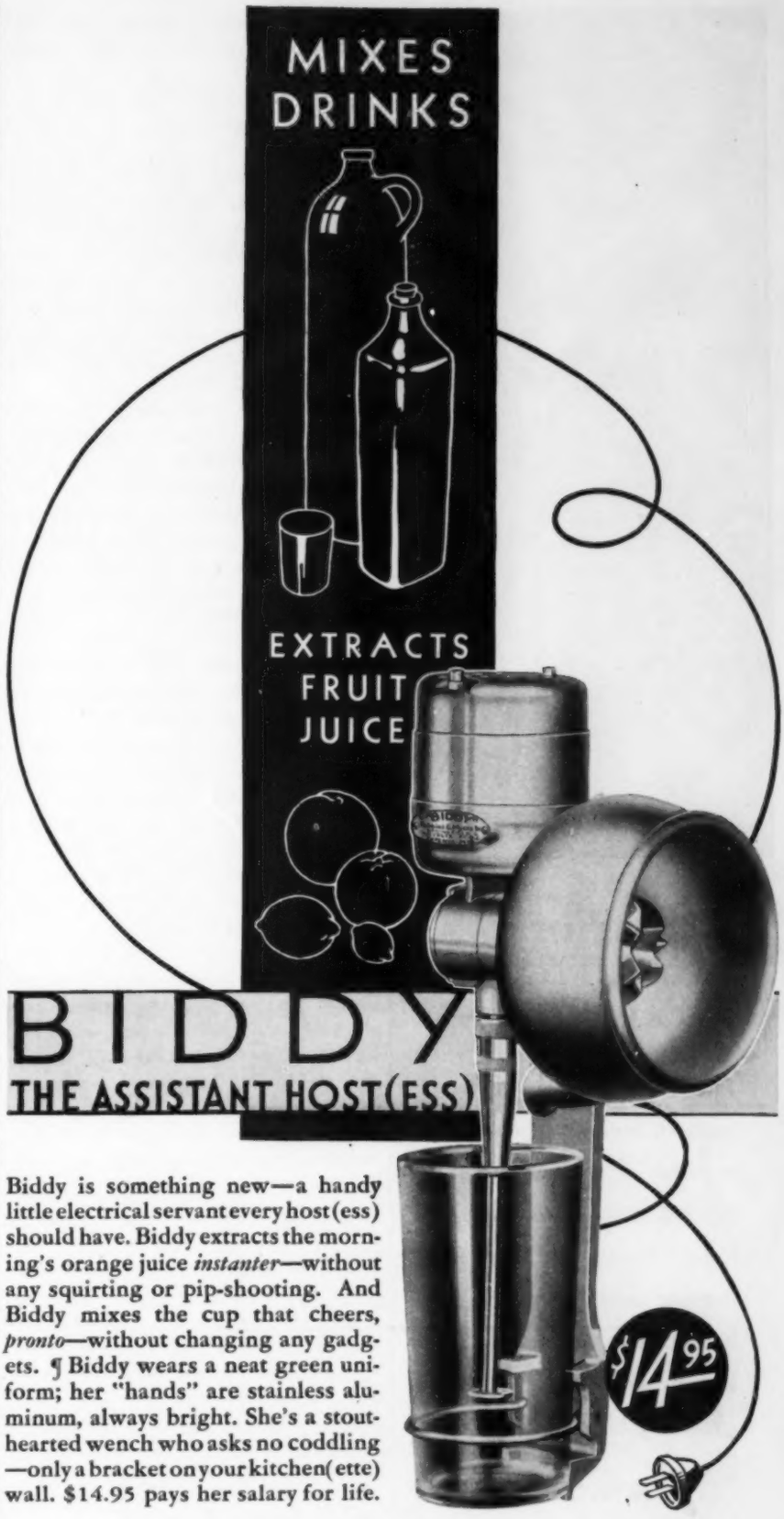
CHILDREN'S CLOTHES

THIS year the boundary line between the two types of children's clothes, particularly those for little girls, seems to be more definite than ever. When you set out to buy little Gertrude a dress, you must first make up your mind whether you want one of the imported French fluffle-ruffle frocks or whether you will ally yourself with the newer school which believes that children look smartest in severely simple lines. Most of the shops show dresses of one type or the other; you will seldom find a mixture of the two. Having made up your mind on this important point (and mothers have pretty definite ideas about it; so be careful), you must next consider the personality, and architecture, of the child. As soon as they see pink ruffles and inserts of Point de Paris lace, many fond aunts completely forget that the child in question has red hair and is built on square, stolid lines.

With these few words of warning, we now lead you through some of the specialty shops where you will find particularly nice clothes for children of all ages. You know, of course, that all the department stores and the lingerie and linen shops carry very large and attractive selections of such things too. Here's the list:

CHRISTOPHER ROBIN, INC., 833 Madison Avenue: For children over two. Made-to-order clothes that are dignified and simple. Tweed skirts and jackets with piqué waists. Esquimaux play-suits with hoods that have soft fur





Biddy is something new—a handy little electrical servant every host(ess) should have. Biddy extracts the morning's orange juice *instanter*—without any squirting or pip-shooting. And Biddy mixes the cup that cheers, *pronto*—without changing any gadgets. ¶ Biddy wears a neat green uniform; her "hands" are stainless aluminum, always bright. She's a stout-hearted wench who asks no coddling—only a bracket on your kitchen(ette) wall. $14.95 pays her salary for life.

P. S. What a gift for your boon companions!

Robbins & Myers, Inc.

Springfield, Ohio

AT ALL GOOD ELECTRIC SHOPS—*If your dealer does not have Biddy, phone Robbins & Myers' local office,* WALKER 3171 *for address of nearest dealer.*

around the little cherub's face; $25 and up. Smart clothes of the substantial type.

De Pinna, 650 Fifth Avenue: Of course you know about the excellent clothes here for boys. Particularly good tweeds tailored on English lines.

Fairyland, 544 Madison Avenue: Exquisite imported French clothes of the one-of-a-kind type for dressed-up children. Handmade laces and tiny pleats for dainty little girls, and particularly nice suits for little boys. Dolls dressed to match a little girl's new dress; $8-$12.

Fairyland of Paris, 22 East Fifty-fifth Street: Those of you who have visited this famous shop in Paris know what perfectly exquisite linens and laces are to be expected here. And you will not be disappointed. The children's clothes are just a wee bit more beautiful than you could possibly imagine in even your wildest moments. Everything is made in France, of course, with that perfect French touch in design and workmanship that doting mothers love.

Kiddie Korner, 11 East Fifty-sixth Street: Clothes for children up to six years. Baby dresses in attractive colors. Miniature bed-jackets and negligees of silk just like the grown-ups'—adorable if you like the idea.

Les Enfants, 920 Park Avenue: Very nice imported finery for babies, and children up to six.

Linda Lee, Inc., 435 Park Avenue: This shop believes strongly in simple, modernistic patterns. Linen used almost entirely, with some flannel and wool crêpe in bright shades. Great artistry shown in design and workmanship. Made to order, of course.

Nana, Ltd., 24 East Sixty-sixth Street: For children up to fifteen years. Clothes of the very de-luxe type specially designed to suit the child's personality. Straight, simple lines and very chic. Expensive but worth it.

Nanine, 510 Madison Avenue: Handmade things for children that stand out because of excellence of design and quality. Charming clothes for tiny babies, especially some cute little sacs with woolly chicks appliquéd down

"CORINTHE"... A GRECIAN NEGLIGEE BY BRUCK-WEISS

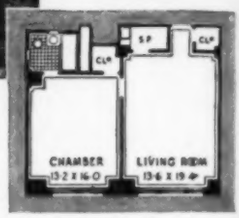
This negligee defines the modern feeling of fashion in terms of relaxation and repose. It is a lovely thing to look upon... it is even lovelier to wear. In heavy luxurious satin combining two tones of rose, blue, green, or black and white.

49.50

BRUCK-WEISS

20 West 57th Street
New York

This sun-lit 2 room suite



Facing the park

$225 monthly

INCLUDES maid and linen service... electric light... mechanical refrigeration. Also use of spacious roof-deck solarium and privilege of access to New York's oldest private park. Smaller and larger units available... furnished and unfurnished... excellent cuisine on premises.

A residential hotel in a distinguished neighborhood of quiet charm.

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George H. Bradley, Manager

Telephone: GRAmercy 4340

VINOY PARK HOTEL

Faces glorious Tampa Bay. Largest fireproof hotel on Florida's West Coast .. complete in every particular .. sunbathing and all recreational features. Booklet.

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CLEMENT E. KENNEDY, MANAGING DIRECTOR

SUMMER *New Ocean House* RESORT *Swampscott, Mass.*

THE CONCORD

130 EAST 40TH STREET

A Residential Hotel

Sunshine with restfulness and comfort at moderate rentals. Suites available.

the front. Dresses of embroidered chambray, batiste, dotted swiss, in luscious colors for older girls. The prices are lower than you'd expect.

NEW YORK EXCHANGE FOR WOMAN'S WORK, 541 Madison Avenue: Dainty clothes for small children, made at home by women throughout the country. The prices are reasonable for exquisite handwork. Made-to-order clothes here, too.

TOTS' TOGGERIE, 634 Fifth Avenue: Custom-made garments for children of all ages. A very nice skating outfit of soft tweed, trimmed and lined with checked tweed of contrasting color. The skirt is flaring and the jacket has a talon fastener.

TWO-FIFTEEN, LTD., 485 Madison Avenue: Unusual made-to-order clothes of the tailored type for boys and girls. Well made and very chic. Particularly good coats for small children. —M. H.

JEWELRY

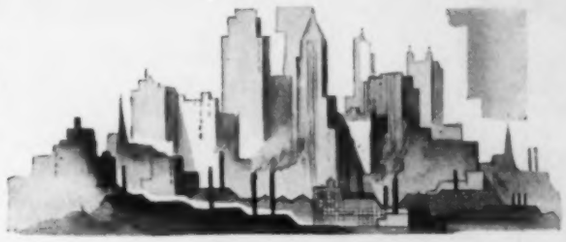
THE trinket which is taking all the ladies' hearts this year is a clip-watch. It looks exactly like the usual ornamental clip-on you've seen clamped to so many necklines or cuffs or gowns; but concealed among the jewels is a tiny watch, which snaps up on a hinge when one wants to know the time. Sometimes a chaste thing of platinum and diamonds; sometimes embellished with emeralds, rubies, or sapphires. Found in practically all the shops. Also trapdoor watches, worn on the wrist, which modestly hide their faces behind a pair of trapdoors till one touches a spring, whereupon the doors fly open in the well-known cuckoo-clock manner.

We can't begin to list everything we saw, but here are a few suggestions:

AT THE BIG JEWELLERS

BLACK, STARR & FROST-GORHAM, INC., Fifth Avenue and Forty-eighth Street: Everything from half-million-dollar necklaces to two-dollar pocket-knives. . . . A diamond-and-platinum hair bandique. May be converted into a bracelet. The barrettes which hold the hair come off, and the attachments may be used on other bracelets. . . . Fitted suitcases. . . . Beaded bags. . . . Neckline necklace with diamonds and cabochon emerald, nearly 60 karats.

BRAND-CHATILLON, Fifth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street: Fitted brocade handbags, some with lighters, and concealed watches. . . . Tiny French-type watches with colored leather cords. . . . Toilet set of silver gilt and crystal, with gold monograms. . . . Cigarette cups of



"Take charge of the Middle West next week"

A district manager for an Eastern shoe company was promoted to a bigger job. His salary increased. His surplus for investment increased.

But, his executive duties also increased. Between sales meetings, road trips and office work, he could devote less attention to his own holdings. Formerly he had "shopped around" among different investment houses. Would he save time and trouble by dealing with a single large investment organization?

WHAT he will find in National City service

CONVENIENT OFFICES.
National City offices throughout the world are at his command.

MARKET CONTACTS.
National City offices are in close touch with all investment markets.

INVESTMENT EXPERIENCE.
He will be dealing with an organization with a background of over a century of financial experience.

INVESTMENT RANGE.
National City's broad lists of securities are available upon request.

These and other requirements of present day investors can be met through your nearest National City office.

The National City Company

NATIONAL CITY BANK BUILDING, NEW YORK

INVESTMENT SECURITIES

One of our new and striking collection of the smart

HAND KNIT BOUCLÉ SUITS

$98.75

THIRD FLOOR

MACY'S

34th Street and Broadway, New York

silver and rock crystal. Each holds a pack. . . . Enormous glass picture frames.

CARTIER, Fifth Avenue and Fifty-second Street: Give a warm-hearted welcome to the buyers of their one-to-fifty-dollar specialties, as well as to purchasers of hundred-karat diamonds. Among the modestly priced gifts are gold bill-clips, a brocade cigarette case with a trick fastener, and a tiny sifter powder-box of gold and lapis enamel. . . . Then, going up: Diamond and platinum wrist-watch with slide which covers its face. . . . Antique jade bowl with hours and minutes marked on the rim. A little turtle floating in water points with its nose to the correct time. It's all done with magnets.

CHARLTON & COMPANY, 634 Fifth Avenue: Any number of single-stone rings with matching bracelets and pins. . . . Trapdoor watch made in two colors of gold. . . . Unsymmetrical clip-pins which combine to make brooch.

E. M. GATTLE, 703 Fifth Avenue: Diamond necklace of rectangular baguette diamonds, with ring to match. Won us over to Modernism. . . . Watch pendant from brooch, with carved emeralds, rubies, and diamonds; watch is on swivel. . . . Combination bill-clip and latch key, with cutout monogram. Also bill-clip alone. . . . Small jade clock with diamond-studded hands. . . . Double-dial clock on onyx base.

MARCUS & COMPANY, 544 Fifth Avenue: Large collection of emeralds and pearls from India. . . . One of the world's largest star sapphires, set in a diamond-and-platinum necklace; bracelet to match. . . . Mogul's coat buttons of emeralds and diamonds in brooch. . . . Ladies' combination purse and billfold in various colors and leathers. . . . Enamel perfume-container for purse; gold-mesh wick absorbs perfume.

MAUBOUSSIN, 33 East Fifty-first Street: Ah, the French! Important pieces from the Rue de la Paix, and

GEROLSTEINER
Sparkling Water
Abroad and in America, Gerolsteiner Sparkling Water has for years been a favorite. Carbonated with its own natural gas at Gerolstein Germany, its bubbling "tang" mixes well in any company, and it's brimming with health, too! Ask for Gerolsteiner at your favorite club, hotel or restaurant. Then order your home supply from your local dealer—or phone this office!
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Modern Art In Corsetry

Corsets and Corsilouettes and Evening Brassières

Strapless—Clinging—Slendering

MISS ELEANOR, Inc.

(Formerly with Mme. Binner)

44 West 56th Street, New York

Circle 5655

Village BARN

52 West 8th Street

(Between 5th and 6th Avenues)

Spring 4348

Old-fashioned Homestead Dinners

with dance music

Served from 5 until 9:30 P.M. $1.00 b'gosh!

Later on, square dances, cider 'neverythin' 'till curfew.

JOSH AND TILDY, Props.

less important ones, too, at surprisingly moderate prices. . . . Notable for rubies this year. . . . Necklace of carved rubies and diamonds; splits up into small necklace and two bracelets. . . . Daytime necklace of chalcedony, diamonds, and star sapphires. . . . Diamond and platinum watch, with diamond used as crystal. . . . Trapdoor watch of white gold with diamonds and rubies.

UDALL & BALLOU, Fifth Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street: Trapdoor vanity of dull-finish platinum, with diamond clasp. . . . Clip-watch, set with diamonds, rubies, and emeralds. May be converted into travelling (very miniature) clock. . . . Colored onyx four-strand bracelets with interesting clasps in colors. . . . Platinum and diamond barrette with baguettes. . . . Cigarette cases in two-tone gold inlay.

VAN CLEEF & ARPELS, 611 Fifth Avenue: Another French place with diamond pieces in modernistic designs. . . . Leather handbags, some with clip ornaments and concealed watches. . . . Gold vanity cases with square sapphires or rubies on ends; also on cigarette cases. . . . Petit-point cigarette case with slide catch.

THE SMALL, INTIMATE PLACES

BARRY, INC., 15 West Fifty-seventh Street: French antique seed-pearl jewelry. . . . A Directoire diamond tiara in sheaf-of-wheat design, which comes apart. Swell to toy with at the opera. . . . Antique jewelled necklace in the shape of a snake.

IZABEL COLES, 19 East Fifty-seventh Street: Designs jewelry to suit the customer's personality, and has unusual pieces in stock. Not, for a change, at all Arts-and-Craftsy. . . . A flexible diamond-and-platinum bracelet in ivy-leaf design. . . . Necklace of green, lavender, and yellow sapphires in medieval setting with green gold-braid bands. . . . Moonstone ring with platinum and diamonds. . . . Necklace, bracelet, and earrings in flower design, with stones used as flower forms.

PAUL E. FLATO, 576 Fifth Avenue: Designs own jewelry. . . . Round cigarette box of jade, with malachite flower design on top. . . . Gold mascara-box for purse. . . . Card-case in envelope design, with Oriental sapphire for seal. . . . Powder-box of blue enamel with Chinese panel inside, diamond clasp. . . . Carved coral-and-diamond necklace; breaks up into smaller necklace and three bracelets; also pendant earrings and brooch.

HARRIET JOHNSON, 1055 Madison Avenue: Collection of snuffboxes (she's

A perfume of romance and gaiety

MOLYNEUX
PARIS

41 West 57th Street New York City

obtainable in all the best shops

JOHN DAVID
Fashions For Men

The TAILCOAT

Increased formality in women's evening fashions makes the wearing of the tailcoat imperative at almost all evening functions of any importance. The new tailcoat favored by well dressed men is a trifle shorter than last season. The waistline is higher. Shoulders are broad. Trousers are of medium width.

John David evening clothes . . . correct in every detail

$50 · $75 · $100

FIFTH AVE. AT 43d ST.
BROADWAY AT 32d ST.
And other easily reached shops in Greater New York

an authority, and has assembled some of the largest collections in the country) and antique jewelry. . . . Russian plaque of old-mine emeralds, rubies, and sapphires. . . . Antique locket set with diamonds. . . . A French diamond necklace of the eighteenth century.

GEORGE KAHN, 665 Fifth Avenue: Orders those gorgeous pieces from the parent house in Paris, and has delightful luxuries in stock, at strictly Parisian prices. Also designs to order. . . . Party case of carved jade with rubies, and diamond clasp. . . . Real tortoise-shell cigarette case with diamonds in clasp. . . . Cigarette-holder of gray agate with rose diamonds on smoking end.

GUITEL MONTAGUE, 579 Madison Avenue: Antique diamond pieces. One pair of earrings matches our favorite necklace at Harriet Johnson's. . . . Diamond shoulder-piece.

DAVID ROUGH, 721 Madison Avenue: Antique and modern jewelry in out-of-the-ordinary designs. . . . Feather pin of sapphires and diamonds; aquamarine bracelet and pendant to match. . . . Battersea enamel snuff-box. Could hold powder. . . . Antique Persian turquoise brooch edged with pearls.

SCHUMANN SONS, 15 East Fifty-third Street: Designs here are all exclusive. . . . Cabochon ruby ring with diamond-and-platinum setting. . . . Ashtrays of semiprecious stones, rose quartz, moss agate, and malachite. . . . Pendant of frosted crystal with carved green onyx, amethyst, and diamonds, on black chain.

OLGA TRITT, 730 Fifth Avenue: Another lady Cellini. Has large collection of loose stones, which she uses to suit your individual taste. . . . Pendant, modern as Fifth Avenue, called Skyscraper, a huge natural emerald dressed up with black onyx, sapphires, and pearls. . . . Cabochon sapphire necklace with smaller sapphires. . . . Gray agate cigarette case with diamond catch and monogram. Would go beautifully with the gray agate cigarette-holder at George Kahn.

WEDDERIEN, INC., 16 East Fiftieth Street: Designs jewelry to suit personal whims, and always has unusual pieces. . . . Makes cigarette cases with customer's own dog portrayed in dia-

BARNEY GALLANT ANNOUNCES THAT
DINNER
SERVICE HAS NOW BEEN RESUMED AT HIS RESTAURANT AT 85 WEST THIRD STREET.
SERVICE A LA CARTE
DANCING DURING DINNER:
Yes, We Are Open Sundays.
NO COVER CHARGE AT DINNERTIME!
call Arnold *Spring* 8191
Barney's
85 W 3rd *New York*

monds, with spots copied exactly in black diamonds. . . . Carved sapphire-and-diamond brooch. . . . Powder compact of Limoges enamel of dogs looking at bone, but too polite to touch it. . . . Ashtrays of cornelian and so on, decorated with cornelian rabbits, roosters, and hens. . . . Pushbuttons of cornelian jade, rose quartz, etc., which do not have that Hollywood look. . . . A malachite turtle pushbutton for a lady executive.

SEMIPRECIOUS JEWELRY

DON'T stop at this point because you think semiprecious jewelry and junk are one and the same. In some cases they are, but we're not interested in these, and neither are you. Listed below are some places where you can get pieces designed with artistry, and executed with beautiful workmanship at moderate cost. Of course, when you get to the rare Imperial jade, which is technically a semiprecious stone, but usually worked up with platinum and diamonds, you'll be back among the four-figure prices again, but we'll lead you up to that point gently:

T. Azeez, 561 Fifth Avenue: Dome rings of lapis and other stones. Stone is cut and slanted, and a design in tiny diamonds inserted along crack. . . . Crystal-and-gold set of necklace, earrings, and bracelet, with gold rose leaves. This sounds like a chandelier, but it is really very delicate and lovely.

Frederic, 559 Fifth Avenue: Synthetic gems designed in the latest styles. Single-stone rings set with real diamonds and platinum.

Ishauu, 441 Madison Avenue: Has Indian hand-wrought silver set with turquoises. Also plain silver-bead choker necklaces.

Georg Jensen, 169 West Fifty-seventh Street: All his designs are taken from Nature, and are combined with such stones as Labradorite, a gray-blue stone, and other semiprecious gems.

The Little Gallery, 29 West Fifty-sixth Street: Beautifully executed pieces, entirely exclusive, and some antiques. . . . Bracelet of medallions of moss quartz of various colors alternating with cutout gold insets in fish design. . . . Rose-quartz necklace with gold curlicues. . . . Antique white sapphire ring.

Long Sang Ti, 570 Fifth Avenue: Has a smoky rosy-lavender amethyst Buddha pin. . . . Bracelet of ox-blood coral plaques connected with jade flowers. . . . A necklace of platinum set with diamonds and black onyx and three Imperial jades. (Imperials are

What IS
THE VIENNA YOUTH MASK?

● There is no secret about it, the truth itself is so impressive. **The Vienna Youth Mask stimulates the circulation,** producing health as Nature herself does, through a constantly renewed blood supply. The amazing value of this treatment lies in the depth to which it penetrates, causing the blood to flow in a rich purifying stream to underlying tissues and muscles . . . charging them with new youth and vigor. Concentrated on the face and neck, it is as though electric energy were poured into your very veins. Fresh blood flushes the surfaces, carrying away impurities. The skin is cleared and brightened. Best of all, there comes an exuberant, glad-to-be-alive feeling, a freedom from fatigue that is the true measure of health. In its new "differential" form the Vienna Mask has a flexibility which makes it possible to focus treatment on one's weakest spots . . . the lines at the side of the mouth, puckery places under the eyes, sagging contours. It is as though the finger of youth touched, and revived, every spot threatened by age. But you must see for yourself. Visit Miss Arden's Salons and talk to the trained Diathermic Nurse whose whole time is devoted to work with the Mask. She will tell you in detail exactly what it has done for others . . . and what it can do for you.

For an appointment at the hour you prefer, please telephone Plaza 5847

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LADIES of the ENSEMBLE

WINTER is no help. All the ladies look lovelier in Spring. Then why not the Caribbean—where Spring spends the Winter? The ladies of those balmy isles and sunny seaports are charming, mysterious or "screams". Whitely powdered Spaniards. Statuesque French mulattoes. Hindu women with jewels in their noses. Leisurely Dutch, Energetic English and Americans. And the dusky lassies of Jamaica or Trinidad are unexcelled in their low comedy. An *ensemble* that's a riot.

A Holiday Cruise—Dec. 20 to Jan. 5
A 2nd 16-day Cruise—Jan. 8 to Jan. 24
$227.50 and up

Two 25-day Cruises—Jan. 28 to Feb. 22 and Feb. 24 to Mar. 21
$317.50 and up

The routes include
Haiti, Porto Rico, St. Thomas, Martinique, Barbados, Trinidad, Caracas, Curaçao, Panama, Jamaica, Havana, Nassau, etc.

Also an Air Cruise on specially chartered planes, including Central America and Mexico!

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126 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

New York, 670 Fifth Ave.; *New York*, 225 Fifth Ave.; *Boston*, 165 Tremont St.; *Philadelphia*, 1601 Walnut St.; *Chicago*, 176 N. Michigan Ave.; *Detroit*, 421 Book Bldg.; *San Francisco*, 230 Post St.; *Los Angeles*, 423 W. 5th St.
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Please send me your new book with particulars of your West Indies Cruises.

Name.....

Address.....

the almost emerald-green jades, translucent and rich, and expensive.) And the necklace is over a thousand dollars, but didn't we break it gently?

GUITEL MONTAGUE, 579 Madison Avenue: Has a fine collection of antique garnet jewelry and some lovely topazes.

AMY B. PRATHER, 23 East Sixteenth Street: The wholesaler who supplies so many of the lovely cornelian and amethyst and other semiprecious strands you've seen uptown. . . . In her retail shop, the Karma Studios, she sells her very unusual creations at low cost. . . . One cornelian necklace alternates the stones with Rudrax, which looks like carved wood, but is a stone which comes from India. . . . A necklace of pale seagreen baroque emeralds. . . . A strand of tourmaline beads in deep rosy raspberry. . . . In fact, any color scheme can be matched here most satisfactorily. . . . A shimmery dragon-fly pin of opals. . . . Crystal-gazer ring.

YAMANAKA, 680 Fifth Avenue: Look at an Imperial jade ring, set with platinum and diamonds. . . . Also a carved-jade lorgnette set with diamonds. . . . If you like your jade unadorned, a plain necklace of graduated beads. . . . Mandarin strings of amber, in deep cherry, or light honey amber.

—H. L.

MEN'S JEWELRY

WOMAN'S urge to reform her husband, or even her future husband, often prompts her to surprise him with some expensive trinket that she thinks he ought to have. Ladies, be careful. Most men do not deny themselves things they really want. The fact that he hasn't got a scarf-pin, for instance, may indicate that he doesn't like them, and won't wear one. If you can't find out exactly what he wants, get the advice of some other man—preferably his best friend.

Here are some of the places where you can safely spend your money:

BLACK, STARR & FROST-GORHAM, INC., Fifth Avenue and Forty-eighth Street: Genuine pearls for shirt-studs; from $35 well up into the thousands. Gold pocket watch in the shape of a pilot wheel with spokes; $265. Very thin watch with Roman numerals of baguette diamonds—not showy; $1,300. Strap-watch that shows the phases of the moon; $290.

BRAND-CHATILLON, Fifth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street: Cufflinks that look like snaffle bits; the rings snap back against your cuffs to hold them firmly in place; $52, in gold. A great variety of dress sets, including one of moon-

"I Simply Must Show You Some Dainty Little Garments," said she coyly—and led him to her closet

YOU can imagine with what trepidation he heard *this* remark—member of the calloused smart set, though he was.

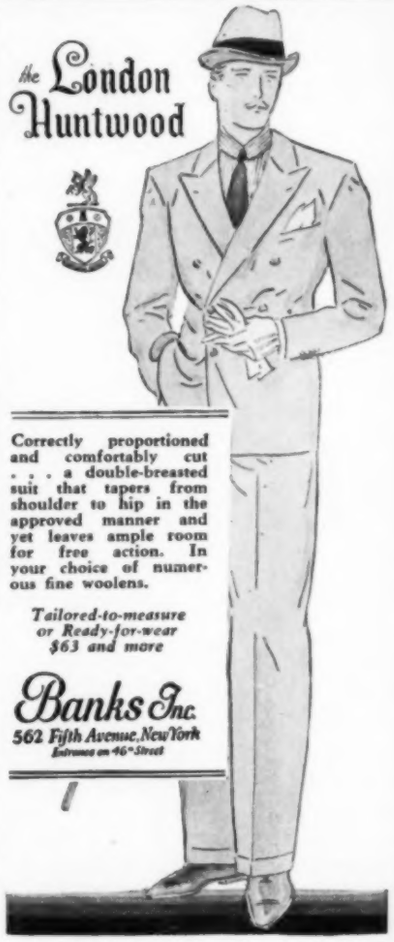
But his worst hopes were not realized—for there in her closet were the softest, most adorable little jackets fitted snugly about her dainty footwear.

Graceful little guardians of footwear and lingerie—social arbiters of the traveling kit—TECS neatly jacket shoes. The result—no more prematurely soiled linen—profaned by direct contact with shoes while voyaging hither and yon.

Send your menials to any of the better shops for TECS. Or write direct to Knit Goods Specialty Co., Dept. Y-11, Chicopee Falls, Mass.

Size A for women—B for men. Intriguing color schemes: beige and orange, black and silver, blue and gold. And, not that it matters but the price is $1.50 for two pairs, neatly boxed.

SMART NEW JACKETS FOR SHOES


the London Huntwood
Correctly proportioned and comfortably cut . . . a double-breasted suit that tapers from shoulder to hip in the approved manner and yet leaves ample room for free action. In your choice of numerous fine woolens.
Tailored-to-measure or Ready-for-wear $63 and more
Banks Inc.
562 Fifth Avenue, New York
Entrance on 46th Street

stones and diamonds set simply in platinum; $475. Silver cigarette boxes, the size and shape of the flat Lucky Strike tins; $36.

CARTIER, Fifth Avenue and Fifty-second Street: Cylindrical cigarette-lighter, about as thick as a fountain pen; $10; in sterling silver. Clip-watch that can be attached to your waistcoat pocket, or used to hold your tie in place; $175. Strap-watch with an alarm to warn you of appointments; very plain, gold; $385. Cufflinks made of semi-precious stones, such as nephrite, set in gold, from $22.

CHARLTON, 634 Fifth Avenue: A small gold wrist-watch with a tiny shutter to guard the face; you turn a small wheel which opens the shutter and allows you to peek at the time; $275. Another strap-watch has a case and guard covered with pigskin; when the guard is closed it looks like a buckle; $280. Among the pocket watches is one with a case cut from rock crystal: the works are visible from both back and front; $850.

E. M. GATTLE & COMPANY, 703 Fifth Avenue: A watch for very active sportsmen is concealed in a gold belt buckle; you push the front of the buckle down, and the watch pops out face up so that it can be seen from above—not recommended for very stout men; $160. Barometer, thermometer, and clock set in a simple oblong of marble; $140.

MARCUS, 544 Fifth Avenue: Plain square platinum rings, to be engraved with initials or a crest; $215. Plain gold links as low as $12; star sapphires as high as $9,000. Passport cases, billfolds, and cigarette cases in such leathers as brown morocco, black lizard, ostrich, and pin seal; from $25 to $50.

MAUBOUSSIN, 33 East Fifty-first Street: Bill-clips with animal figures outlined in gold wire; $25 to $30. Wrist-watches of gold and platinum in swell modern shapes that are difficult to describe; about $300 for gold and about $600 for platinum. A *dégriseur* in the shape of a golf bag—gold wires fashioned like golf clubs spring out to help you stir the bubbles in your champagne; $21.

OLGA TRITT, 730 Fifth Avenue: Black pearls, brought directly from the fisheries in the Society Islands, ready to be mounted as studs or links. Single

Give America's Champion *wrist-rester* for Christmas

HEAVY orange juice days ahead make Sunkist Junior the *timeliest* of Christmas gifts. This electric, "Painless Extractor" of fruit juices puts a once-menial task on a laborless and aristocratic basis.

Plugged-in on an electric outlet, Sunkist Junior is always ready to whiz out a glass or gallon of juice in a hurry. It extracts everything drinkable from oranges, lemons and grapefruit—without effort or muss. *Better* juice, too—"aerated", and with all the healthful pulp finely shredded.

It is built for the serious purpose of standing up under daily and nightly use in the home—and is guaranteed by the California Fruit Growers Exchange. It stands 10 inches high from rubber feet to top of alabaster glass bowl. Only two, instantly removable parts to be rinsed under running water.

You are safe in giving America's champion wrist-rester to closest friends and most distant relatives. *Everyone* drinks orange or lemon juice these days—for one reason or another. Thus, if you are figuring it on a strictly "common sense" basis, Sunkist Junior costs far less than any household appliance you could buy—because it's used so much more often.

$14.95

at department, electrical and hardware stores everywhere. If your dealer is sold out or cannot supply you, send coupon immediately with money order for $14.95. (Canada $19.95) and a Sunkist Junior will be sent to reach you before Christmas.

Sunkist Jr.

ELECTRIC JUICE EXTRACTOR

—*Mail coupon to nearest address*—

CALIFORNIA FRUIT GROWERS EXCHANGE, Div. 2211B
900 No. Franklin St., Chicago, Ill.
Or Box 530, Station C, Los Angeles, Calif.

Enclosed is money order for $14.95 (Canada $19.95). Send Sunkist Junior.

*Name*_____ *Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Give
HEALTH SCALES
by
HANSON

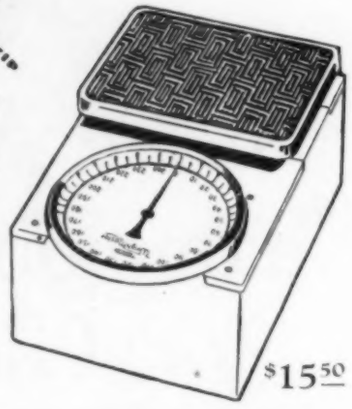
THIS Year has taught the wisdom of weighing each expenditure. That's why it will be the smart thing this Christmas to give practical gifts, such as the Hanson Weighmaster, sketched. Can be used every day by every member of the family. Sturdy 6-spring mechanism is so sensitive that it registers, accurately, from 1 pound to 250. An addition to any well-run ménage—as beautifully finished as a custom-built car. Department and Hardware stores.

Seven Shades—to key with your decorative scheme:

Blue — Green
Old Rose — Ivory
Orchid — Black
White

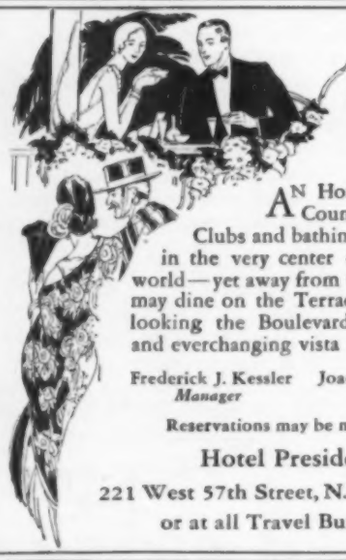
Hanson "Petite", Not Sketched, $12

HANSON SCALE COMPANY, CHICAGO
New York Office: 41 Murray Street



$15.50

Guaranteed for a Lifetime



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AN Hotel of distinction, convenient to the Country Club, Jockey Club, Casino, Yacht Clubs and bathing beach, occupies a strategic position in the very center of Havana's social and diplomatic world—yet away from the noise of the city. Then too, one may dine on the Terrace in the Continental manner overlooking the Boulevard, along which flows a picturesque and everchanging vista of Havana life.

Frederick J. Kessler, *Manager* — Joaquin de la Torre, Capt. Roger Le Febure, *Assistant Managers*

Reservations may be made in New York by addressing

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221 West 57th Street, N. Y. City Telephone Circle 7700
or at all Travel Bureaus and Tourist Agencies

9 ROOM DUPLEX STUDIO APARTMENT

Exceptionally high ceilings, facing north on West 57th St., for rent in the

CARNEGIE REMBRANDT BUILDING

152 West 57th St.
Your Inspection Invited

Inquire CARNEGIE HALL, Administration Office
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You Can't Help Being Enthusiastic When You Discover The Delights of

HONEY-MAID CHOCOLATES

Delicious Assortments In Distinctive Packages for Gifts

AT ALL LEADING DEALERS

studs start at $150. A perfect green-black one that looks like a human eye costs $1,500. Watches with cases carved from lapis lazuli, onyx, and the like.

UDALL & BALLOU, Fifth Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street: All kinds of trick gold pencils: one has a cigarette-lighter in the top, another has a ball on the end to help you dial telephone numbers, a third is telescopic, and there is one furnished with three colors of lead. Gold bottle-openers, gold cases for Life Savers, and gold police whistles; around $50.

VAN CLEEF & ARPELS, Fifth Avenue and Fifty-third Street: Billfolds of black sharkskin lined with tan—marvellous texture, gold mountings; $20 to $40. A pair of cigarette-containers, made in the shape of silver port and starboard lanterns, light up when you raise the lids; $65 each. A clock of gold plate and red enamel has, besides a large time dial, three small dials which show the minute, day, and month—perhaps you can remember what year it is; $175.

WEDDERIEN, 16 East Fiftieth Street: Large ashtrays gouged out of chunks of semiprecious stone, such as chrysoprase, agate, Labrador spar, rock crystal, and even amethyst; the centres are polished and the outsides left in their natural state; from $65 to $175. Cufflinks, with ends of short bars of crystal, onyx, lapis, New Zealand jade; $55 to $75. —G. McC.

TIPS ON MAILING AND EXPRESSING

CHRISTMAS cards (you have yours by now, of *course*) should all be in the mails by December 18 unless you have friends distributed around Europe (in which case December 15 is about the eleventh hour) or South America (in which case they should be mailed by December 5). We need hardly tell you that the sooner you get your stamps and such, the less you will have to wait in line.

Whether you use parcel post or express for packages depends largely on size, weight, and your own peculiar notions; parcel post up to seventy pounds is accepted for the first three zones, and up to fifty pounds for the others. (Parcel post for Europe should be sent by December 8.) It is always a good idea to insure parcel-post packages and to pay a special-handling charge for them. And don't forget that if they are sealed, you must pay first-class postage.

For information about customs declarations on parcel-post packages for abroad and for Canada, inquiry should be made at your local sub-postoffice, or at the foreign parcel-post department of the General Post Office (Eighth Avenue and Thirty-first Street; Pennsylvania 7700).

For shipping by express, anything less than thirty pounds may be tied up in strong cardboard and paper as if for mailing; over thirty pounds, it must be encased in a heavy corrugated cardboard box or in a wooden crate. Call Murray Hill 5740 for an expressman and you will be connected with one in your vicinity. The van should arrive at your door within twelve hours. One week should be allowed for delivery as far west as Chicago or as far south as Louisiana; more time, naturally, for more distant points. You can arrange for prepayment of charges and insurance when the driver calls.

The air-mail rate is the same for the United States, Canada, and Mexico: five cents for the first ounce, ten cents for each additional ounce. Delivery is accomplished overnight, except for Mexico and the Far West, which require an extra day and sometimes (in extreme cases) two extra days. It's advisable to send air-mail things that are bound for very distant points about five days before Christmas; for the Middle West, three days; for points nearer at hand, two days. If you have anything for Montreal, send it by train; it seems strange, but it will get there quicker; Canadian points other than Montreal are reached much more quickly by the aërial route. It will save many hours if you mail your air-mail things at the General Post Office; regular closing time there for the night air-mail is 6:30 P.M.; 10 A.M. for the morning plane that goes west. Packages should be wrapped in the same way as for parcel post. Insurance is optional with the sender, but the post-office people advise it. Rates for air-mail for the Southern Hemisphere (if you're interested) run from five cents a half-ounce (to Cuba) to fifty-five cents a half-ounce (to the Argentine); time en route is from two to nine days; closing time, 6:30 P.M. at the General Post Office. —L. L.

•

An 18-inch public golf course in Delaware County is under construction along Sproul Road.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

There are always extremists in every line.

On the "PARIS"

Hartmann Trunks are Inevitably Associated with the Smartest Travelers

IF YOU are among those "Gay Fortunates" who do their smart crossings on the "Paris", you'll find your Hartmann Trunks have plenty of company.

Stateroom on S. S. Paris

A recent investigation proved that more first class passengers on the "Paris" traveled with Hartmann Trunks than with any other fine trunk made in this country. Smartness alone doesn't explain this popularity. It is the convenience, comfort and rugged service they afford that achieve for them such wide favor among experienced travelers.

On the boat your Hartmann travels in your stateroom — not in the hold. The old-fashioned 14-inch regulation applies only to those rooms shared by passengers not of the same party.

Hartmann will gladly furnish you complete information on steamship luggage regulations and other pertinent information on luggage. Write to the Hartmann Trunk Co., Racine, Wis.

HARTMANN TRUNKS

50 Models and Sizes—Colors Galore—Sold by Most Good Shops and Department Stores

MADAME
et
LA JEUNE FILLE, INC.

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Chiffon–Taffeta–Crêpe dance dresses for young girls for the holidays

from $40 up

• ● •

Tweed coats and sports clothes made to order by Mr. Charles

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Clothes for Town and Country ready to wear for all ages

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CHRISTMAS NOVELTIES

• ● •

MADAME et la JEUNE FILLE, INC.
553 MADISON AVENUE
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MRS. E. N. POTTER, JR., PRES.
Plaza 2543

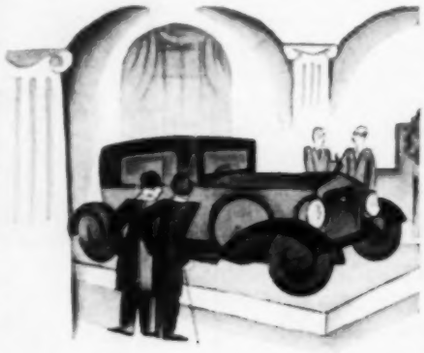
BOSTON, MASS.
130 NEWBURY ST.
Mrs. J. A. Tuckerman, Mgr.

"THE CHIMNEYS"
AIKEN, S. C.
OPENING JANUARY 15TH

THE AUTOMOBILE SALON

Automobiles de Luxe — Vanities by Cartier, Crystal by Lalique—Sixteen-Cylinder Marmon

LET me warn you that, though you harden your heart, your own car will probably never look quite the same after you've visited the Automobile Salon, which opens in the Grand Ballroom of the Hotel Commodore this Sunday. There will be nearly a hundred examples of the last word in luxury at this Salon, displayed by a score of prominent coachmakers, and the whole lot, from radiator to back axle, will be enough to make anyone dissatisfied with anything less than a *faux cabriolet*, upholstered in Louis XVI brocaded satin. For it is the Salon that determines the fashions in motorcars, and quite as definitely as those omnipotent beings in Paris who decide what frocks and hats women shall wear each season.



This year the coachbuilders whose designs and creations will be displayed are Brewster, Brunn, Castagna, Derham, D'Ieteren Frères, Dietrich, Fisher, Fleetwood, Judkins, La Grande, Le Baron, Locke, Merrimac, Murphy, Packard, Rollston, Van den Plas, Walker, Waterhouse, and Willoughby. The chassis are the products of Cadillac, Chrysler, Cord, Cunningham, du Pont, Duesenberg, Franklin, Isotta-Fraschini, La Salle, Lincoln, Marmon, Minerva, Packard, Pierce-Arrow, Rolls-Royce, and Stutz.

IN a general way the coachbuilders have always been divided into two schools. The one, following established design, produced dignified drawing-rooms on wheels for the wealthy; the other, for the most part the *carrossiers* of Paris, went in for everything that was new in the way of sweeping lines and proportions. This year the extremes seem to tend to meet at a common level of underslung bodies and airplane lines. The sporting car, the favorite medium of expression of the modernists, is going in for more comfort and protection for the passengers, while the sedate type of car has lost its former monumental appearance. Bodies have fuller and more sweeping contours, and designers have been doing things with windshields, fenders, running-boards, and gasoline tanks to achieve streamline effects and reduce wind-resistance, an important factor in this day of fast driving. Doors are wider, not a few slanting with the windshield; and there is less risk of bashing your hat against the roof.

Taste seems to run more strongly to the convertible types, although all of the established body styles are continued. There are a number of refinements and improvements in the mechanism of convertible tops, making them more rigid when raised, more easy to take down, and more free from rattles. Locke has provided a cabinet behind the driver's seat into which the pillars between the front and rear doors are folded when not in use, and zippers are taking the place of buttons to fasten the top covering to the headpiece lining.

Interiors are more luxurious than ever in fabrics and upholstery: specially woven broadcloths, imported leathers, Oriental rugs (these designers of Salon cars are unharassed by the spectres of cost sheets), panelling in zebra wood and Macassar ebony. As for fittings, Isotta offers vanities by Cartier and crystalware by Lalique. Hardware in other coaches is in gold and silver plate, colored enamel inlay, and bronze.

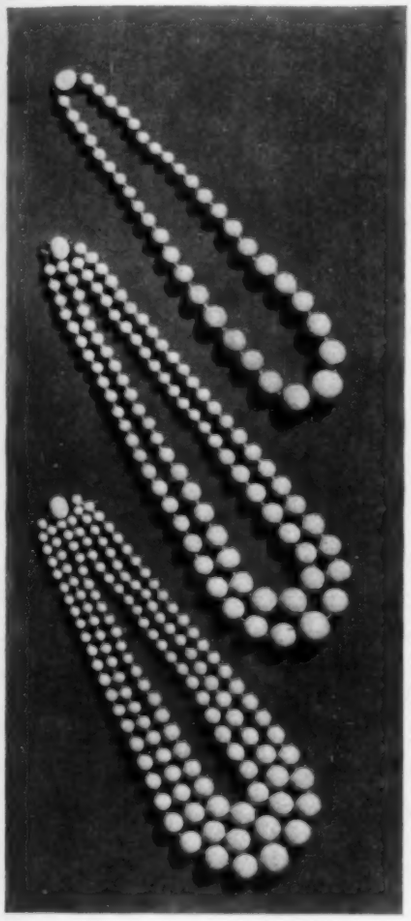
THE surprise of the Salon will be the new sixteen-cylinder Marmon. I'm told the chassis was designed by Howard Marmon and completed two years ago, but at that time there did not appear to be any wisdom in pioneering in the multi-cylinder field.

One doesn't bother with mechanical specifications in Salon cars, but the new Marmon's motor is V-type, developing 210 horsepower, and the speedometer reads up to 120 M.P.H. The transmission is the conventional three-speeds-forward-one-reverse. The body, a five-passenger club sedan by Le Baron, is the work of Walter Dorwin Teague, who does the industrial designing for the Eastman Kodak Company, and was selected by Marmon because he was

THE LITTLE SHOP OF ACCESSORIES PRESENTS

WHITE CORAL*

for a sophisticated touch to an already smart dark gown



» » GLOWING and light and lovely, this new white coral*. And most effective and unusual with dark frocks — or for Palm Beach. You will find it, also, in the style most becoming to you, because we have single strands at $2.74; double at $5.94; and triple at $8.94.
*Simulated

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MACY'S

34th St. and Broadway, New York City

unlikely to be a thrall to coachbuilding convention. The result of his effort is striking. The body, on a 145-inch wheelbase, is extraordinarily low, with no valance and sitting snugly on the frame; the capless, pointed radiator, long hood, and slanting windshield carrying out the streamline. In front, the splashers flare out underneath the fenders, concealing the front axle, steering knuckles, and springs. In the rear the sweep of line is continued, the body, trunk, fenders, and gasoline tank being designed as a unit, and the rear axle, springs, and even the filling cap of the gasoline tank, are concealed. I don't approve of the instrument-board's being placed so that it may be read from the rear seat—there are some things that only the driver should see—but no matter.

THIS year, for the first time, Packard will exhibit as a builder of custom cars, the contributions being an all-weather landaulet, town car, and sport cabriolet, and a cabriolet sedan limousine.

Lovers of the sporting car will make for the Duesenberg exhibit, which will include town cars by Locke, Brunn, and Rollston, and convertibles by Murphy, Derham, and Rollston.

Le Baron will show a Packard convertible sedan, with divided seats (upholstered club chairs, no less) that are adjustable both for depth and inclination; and a convertible victoria, on a Pierce-Arrow chassis, in which all the seats are set well between the axles, assuring perfect comfort.

One of Fleetwood's exhibits will be a town brougham, on a V-16 Cadillac chassis, that would create an atmosphere of dignity in a Second Avenue traffic jam. The outline of the conventional brougham is accentuated by corners at the top and rear, and by canework on the lower panels of the quarters and back.

And for sheer expression of movement, I recommend the Lincoln two-passenger coupé, by Dietrich, which looks, as someone has said, as though it were moving fifteen miles an hour when it is standing still. —SPEED

•

Hand blocked linens—with pictures of Uncle Tom and Eva, Moby Dick and the whales, and skating scenes in Central Park.—*O. O. McIntyre in his newspapers.*

You could tell which was Moby Dick because he was the only one with his hat on.

"I wonder often what the vintners buy
One-half so precious as the stuff they sell."

"Vintners Sauterne, Sir"

Vintners Sauterne is perhaps the most useful of all Vintners products. It may be served with oysters, soup, fish, or meat; for luncheon or dinner or even afternoon tea. It also makes a very good punch.

True Sauternes vary greatly, but all have the identifying Sauterne characteristics. You know them, perhaps, as Filhot, Lupiac, Barsac, Grave, Sauterne, Haut Sauterne, or Chateau Yquem; and now there is Vintners.

Vintners Cuvee of Concentrated Sauterne Grapes has the true Sauterne color and aroma. It is full flavored but delicate and not too sweet. The grapes are selected and blended by expert tasters, and the trained staff of the Home Service Company finish it, bottle it in true Sauterne bottles, cork, label, and cap it for you in your own home.

And not only Sauterne—

CHAMPAGNE · SPARKLING
BURGUNDY · CHABLIS
BURGUNDY
CLARET, *and* RHINE

grapes may be had, each true to European standards.

No sales or deliveries will be made except in accordance with all State and Federal Prohibition laws. In the event that you are not satisfied, your purchase will be destroyed and your money refunded. We invite correspondence and shall be glad to answer all questions.

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(Consult Your Dictionary)

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HOLLYWOOD THEA.
B'way at 51st St.

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ELIZABETH, THE QUEEN

GUILD THEA. 52nd W. of B'way. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40

ROAR CHINA

MARTIN BECK Thea., 45th W. of 8th Ave. Eves. 8:50. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:50

"It makes for a thoroughly diverting evening. . . . the play has developed an amusing comedy with reticence and good taste." N. Y. WORLD

BENJAMIN DAVID Presents

AN AFFAIR OF STATE

A New Comedy, with

FLORENCE ELDRIDGE | MOFFAT JOHNSTON | JESSIE BUSLEY

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FRED ASTAIRE ADELE

in ZIEGFELD Production

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GILBERT MILLER presents

MARSEILLES

By Marcel Pagnol
(Author of "Topaze")
Adapted by Sidney Howard

HENRY MILLER'S Thea., 124 W. 43rd St. Bry. 3970. Evgs. 8:50. Mats. Thurs. and Sat., 2:30

JAMES BARTON | FANNIE BRICE | GEORGE JESSEL

in the Gay New Revue

"Sweet and Low"

with

BORRAH MINEVITCH and MOSS and FONTANA

CHANIN'S 46th St. Thea. W. of B'way. Eves. 8:30; Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:30

Kenneth Macgowan and Joseph Verner Reed Present

JANE COWL

IN A SERIES OF TWO PLAYS

SHAKESPEARE'S **TWELFTH NIGHT**
Thurs. Dec. 4 thru Wed. Dec. 10. Resumes Dec. 17

ART AND MRS. BOTTLE
By Benn W. Levy
From Fri. Nov. 28 thru Wed. Dec. 3. Resumes Thur. Dec. 11

Maxine Elliott's Theatre, 39th St. East of B'way
Eves: 8:40 Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:40

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WITH

BILL ROBINSON, ADELAIDE HALL

Mats. Wed. & Sat.
Best Seats $2.50

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Strictly Dishonorable

Preston Sturges' famous comedy
with TULLIO CARMINATI
Staged by Antoinette Perry & Mr. Pemberton
Never at cut rates

AVON Thea., W. 45 St. Eves. 8:50 Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30 2nd YEAR

HERMAN SHUMLIN presents
IN association with HARRY MOSES

GRAND HOTEL

"An adventure in theatre going."
—*N. Y. Post*

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Curtain promptly at 8:30. No one seated during first act.

"Miss Gahagan has a powerful, well-trained voice of operatic dimensions and could make her mark as a singer if she were not also an actress of extremely high voltage." —Robert Littell, World

DAVID BELASCO presents

HELEN GAHAGAN

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"The first spontaneous knockout of season" —*Rob't Garland, Telegram.*

SAM H. HARRIS presents

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A New comedy by Moss Hart & Geo. S. Kaufman

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HERB WILLIAMS—JIMMY SAVO—JACK BENNY
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In "SCARLET SISTER MARY"

A play made by Daniel Reed
From the novel of Julia Peterkin

ETHEL BARRYMORE

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EDGAR WALLACE'S SENSATIONAL HIT!

ON THE SPOT

WITH

CRANE WILBUR ANNA MAY WONG
GLENDA FARRELL

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THE MAN IN POSSESSION

A comedy by H. M. HARWOOD
with

ISABEL JEANS LESLIE BANKS

MAJESTIC Thea. 44th W. of B'way. Evs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

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NINA ROSA

By Harbach—Romberg—Caesar
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GUY ROBERTSON | ETHELIND TERRY | ARMIDA 100 others | LEONARD CEELEY

All Orchestra Seats $5.50: 350 Mezz. Seats $3 to $4.00; 450 Balc. Seats $1 to $2.50

MASQUE 45th ST. Thea. W. of B'way. Evgs. 8:50 Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30

UP POPS THE DEVIL

Genuine Comedy Hit, with
ROGER PRYOR
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WALTER WOOLF and VIOLET HEMING

In ELMER HARRIS' American Version of PRINCE BIBESCO'S Spicy Comedy

LADIES ALL

Eves. (Ex. Sat.) Best Orch. Seats $3.00

Henry B. Forbes
presents

"Schoolgirl"

A New Play by
A. W. PEZET and CARMAN BARNES
with
JOANNA ROOS

RITZ THEA., W. 48th St. Eves. 8:50. Mats. Wed. & Sat. Tel. LAC. 7397

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Miss Dressler on the Waterfront—
And Mr. Bancroft at Sea—In 1980

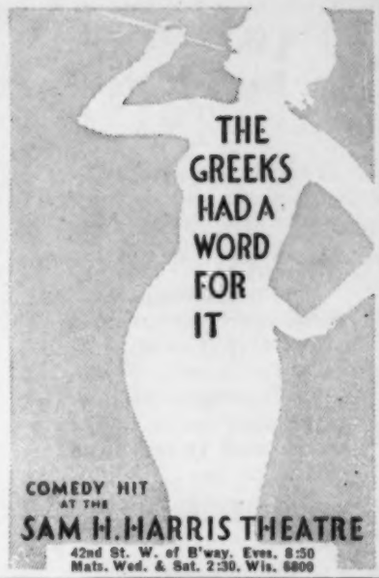
AS a rowdy character of the waterfront, a chatelaine of a lodging house for fishermen and seafaring people of the rougher sorts, Marie Dressler is something almost magnificent. Her performance in this new picture, "Min and Bill," lifts it to a high level among these studies of a less genteel phase of our social system. She is assisted, most ably, in this achievement by Wallace Beery, as her amiable and almost always loyal gentleman friend, by profession the captain of a fishing smack. There is nothing overexquisite about Mr. Beery in his portrayal of Bill, but he at times seems just a little Fauntleroy beside the robust Min. The waterfront may be tough, but Min in her bathrobe, caught about the neck with a safety pin, plodding across her dance hall in substantial bare feet, or moodily out for a stroll, kicking a tin can before her, is a formidable matron even in this milieu.

The sentimental features of the story, Min's love for the girl she has brought up, and her stalwart determination to make a lady out of the child, might lead us into maudlin paths, but somehow the directors had the courage to dodge rosebuds and moonlight. The girl is sent off to one of our best finishing schools and does marry the nice young man with the yacht, but these gentle, happy moments are distinctly subordinated to the more exciting experiences of the by no means gentle Min. I might add, too, considering Miss Dressler's reputation for comedy on the stage, that aside from some good sturdy laughs, especially in the early moments of the film, this picture is on the serious side of things—by which I do not mean that it is dull.

GEORGE BANCROFT's new picture, "Derelict," also deals with people of the sea, with the officers on a line of freighters running from Havana to Rio. George Bancroft, of course, is hardly as husky a personage as Miss Dressler at her best, but in his humble male fashion he manages at times to be pretty hardboiled. The major problem that the directors of this line have had to face, we gather from the story, has been the cordiality of these officers to the ladies of the ports who want to take trips. These young women seem to be always on the move—"move" is the word—and they have no inclination to be so banal as to pay a fare. Raised at last to a captaincy, Mr. Bancroft becomes so conscientious as to be rude, often an unfortunate concomitant of being scrupulous, and, as is also somewhat true to life, his rudeness gets him into difficulties. The film at this critical moment suddenly ran off the track when I saw it, and I missed whatever ending the directors had devised. Somehow I don't feel that I have suffered a great loss. I am sure that Mr. Bancroft's difficulties are smoothed out, and that the charming stowaway in the story makes at last a loving and true wife whom the managers of the line are proud to have grace their freighters, whenever she wants to.

ONE of those lively, playful little fancies about New York in the future, New York in 1980 in fact, comes to light now. It is called "Just Imagine" and features the presence in its cast of Mr. El Brendel, who appears to be coming along in the movie world as a comic character. He doesn't happen to be terribly funny to me, but I wish him well on his upward climb. The future New York, the New York our grandchildren are to know, doesn't seem strikingly amusing as described here. The skyscrapers soar into the heavens and the stop-and-go signs refer to the traffic of airplanes. The televisor is in ordinary use and the furniture-designers have obliterated every possible curve from the articles they purvey. Not content with this setting, the directors have gone a step forward and swung their story into Mars, the notion being given that the first man to land on that planet will be to his generation what Lindbergh is to ours. The pictures of Mars, as well as those of the New York of that era, would seem paltry, I think, to a Jules Verne, and the dialogue and the songs and the plot itself rather suggest those movies we used to have back in 1910, which only cost a nickel to see.

—J. C. M.



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MARY BOLAND in
VINEGAR TREE
A New and Gay Comedy
PLAYHOUSE, W. 48th St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

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The comedy hit you hear about
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Blanche Yurka, Ernest Truex, Eric Dressler, Dorthea Chard, Ruth Garland, Jerome Lawler, The Humphrey-Weidman Dancers & 70 others. Staged by Norman Bel-Geddes; version by Gilbert Seldes.
44th ST. THEATRE West of Broadway
Evs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

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THE GREEN PASTURES
Pulitzer Prize Play
"The Divine comedy of the theatre"—*Times*

"A Smash Hit . . . one of the happiest theatre evenings I ever experienced."
—*Walter Winchell, Daily Mirror*
JOE COOK
In His Newest, Maddest Musical
"FINE and DANDY"
ERLANGER'S Thea. W. 44 St.
Evs. 8:30. Matinées Wed. & Sat. 2:30

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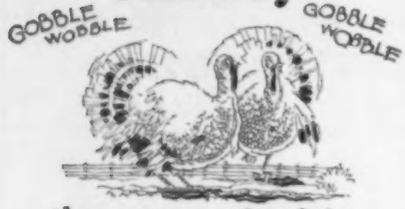
ROXY 7th Avenue and 50th Street
WILL ROGERS
IN
"LIGHTNIN'"

LEXINGTON
LOEW'S
Nov. 29, 30, Dec. 1 EDDIE CANTOR in "WHOOPEE." Dec. 2 & 3 "FOR THE LOVE OF LIL" with JACK MULHALL. Dec. 4 and 5 NANCY CARROLL in "LAUGHTER."
51ST ST. & LEXINGTON AVE.

talking turkey



those conversational cinemas which should lure you from the festive board to digest that celebrated meal with peace and true thanksgiving at

the rivoli-united artists

where there's paramount's "morocco"—a gilded, handsome production with marlene dietrich whose charms are of major importance and whose acting is not at all minor . . . gary cooper and adolphe menjou furnish an appropriate background.

the rialto

where there's "feet first" moving at a rapid pace on the shoulders of harold lloyd . . . comedy that often hangs by a thread as harold dangles in mid-air.

the paramount

there's miriam hopkins, frank morgan and carole lombardo playing "fast and loose" with paramount and for the public...whooping up in the 1930's. leo reisman and his antic hey heys up stage . . . jesse crawford at the organ.

luxurious and comfortable these are

publix theatres

WOULDN'T THESE IDEAS WORK TODAY?

AS a devoted student of history, we are convinced that an examination of the past will disclose remedies for many of the ills which pester the theatre today, both from inside and outside. When our forefathers objected to the box-office scale of prices or didn't like the cut of an actor's clothes, they did not waste their time in writing letters to the papers or trying to get the Legislature to pass a law; they simply got their crowd together and stopped the show, sometimes playfully wrecking the theatre by way of emphasizing their point. They did this at Covent Garden in London in 1809 (to mention only one instance), principally as a protest against a raise in prices, but incidentally against the employment of Mme. Catalani, a singer whom they didn't fancy. They were apt to break out in similar eruptions elsewhere over the price of flour or gin or any other necessity. There is a bluff, honest heartiness about this method of protest which must appeal strongly to all those who deplore the truckling submissiveness of the present age.

PERHAPS, however, if our producers would be as frank with us as those of two centuries ago, we would be able to get more nearly in key with them. Take this London ad of 1742, for example:

For the Benefit of a Person who has a mind to get Money: AT THE NEW THEATRE in James-street, near the Haymarket, on Monday next will be performed *a Tragedy* call'd THE FATAL CURIOSITY, written by the late Mr. Lillo. The part of Mrs. Wilmot by *Mrs.* CHARKE (who originally performed it at the Haymarket;) *The rest of the parts by a Set of People who will perform as well as they can, if not as well as they wou'd, and the best can do no more.*

For sterling honesty, not only as to the ability of the company, but as to the object of the promoter, this ad appeals to us as one of the most attractive we have ever seen.

Appealing too, is the account of an eighteenth-century manager who, announcing from the stage the cancelling of a performance, explained that the star, Mlle. A., had fractured her ankle. "I wish," he added, fervently, "it had been her neck!" Here is an interesting suggestion for modern producers pestered by temperamental stars, whereby they may at least relieve their feelings. We have examined this statement very carefully and find in it noth-

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of three to ten rooms
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Single Rooms and Suites
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Divertissements by
YVONNE & ROBERTS,
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HOTEL
ST. MORITZ
ON THE PARK
50 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH

Reservations to "Jean"
WICkersham 5800

Contract Players!

Ever Ready Bridge Calculator shows instantly points, premiums, penalties. In brass, black and red enameled, moire case. Complete with simple instructions $1.25. Leading shops and department stores.

MELODELITE CORPORATION
130 W. 42nd Street, New York City

ing which can be construed as libellous. Therefore fancy what comfort a producer would derive from some such announcement as "There will be no performance of 'Forgotten Women' tonight, Miss De Swithers claiming to be ill with a cold. I hope it runs into pneumonia," etc., etc. The resourceful manager will be able to think of no end of variations to suit the particular occasion.

Here is another tip for the producer or author of one of those shows which don't seem to be headed for success. On the first night of Congreve's play, "The Way of the World," in 1700, it was jeered and hissed tumultuously. At the height of the uproar, Congreve walked out from the wings and said "Is it your intention to damn this play?"

"Yes, yes!" was the cry. "Off, off!"

"Then I tell you," said the author, quietly, "that this will be a living play when you are all dead and damned!" and with that, he walked off. The chief piquancy of the anecdote lies in the fact that Congreve was right. For the author or producer of one of those worthy plays which fail simply because the stodgy public simply doesn't become aware of them in time, the possibilities in this are endless.

THE sufferer from too articulate neighbors in the theatre will be delighted to observe a hint for dealing with such gentry in an advertisement in the personal column of a Vienna newspaper in 1850:

> That THICK OLD GENTLEMAN with the bald head and spectacles, who on Monday, the 27th inst., made such a noise in the Court Theatre, by laughing loudly during the performance, and subsequently groaning and crying, to the great disturbance of other people, is begged to express his feelings more quietly for the future.

What an idea! Here is the way to deal with persons like that leather-lunged chap who sat behind us two or three weeks ago and laughed uproariously all through one of the most pathetic scenes of the play, which he mistook for comedy. How we regret that we didn't get the personal description of that lady who removed the glassine paper from a candy box during a *pianissimo* passage in a symphony concert! And those others who discuss the play and its costumes all through the dialogue—just wait till we sit near a couple of them again! Say what you will about our ancestors, they were demons of efficiency when it came to dealing with nuisances.

—ALVIN F. HARLOW

THE SKY LINE

Mr. Rockefeller's Church—And Bishop Manning's—A New Romanesque Dome

SPURRED by the enterprising publicity of various parishes, we have just made a pilgrimage to three churches where important architectural work has been going forward. We began at the top and worked down, starting with the recently completed Riverside Church, known to most secular minds as the Rockefeller Cathedral, which was designed by Henry C. Pelton and Allen & Collins.

Architecturally, we have never approved of this great tower so closely attached to a relatively small church element. The church in reality is by no means small, for the nave and its galleries will seat over two thousand, but the tower itself is so enormous that the building itself is completely dwarfed. The style we can only call Scrambled Gothic. Seen from the south, the tower is impressive in size, yet strangely lacking in majesty. The eye finds no rest anywhere, so constantly are the vertical lines interrupted. Our notes read: "Too many pinnacles, too many buttresses, too many arches, too many different kinds and sizes of windows, too many . . . " But why continue the mournful catalogue? For us it is just a case of too many of everything.

We miss, too, an entrance placed on the main axis of the tower; it is on the Riverside Drive side. The reasons for this are fairly obvious, but we kept longing for a fine approach from the south. As it now stands, the great pile has for its foreground—Heaven help us!—a miniature golf course. The side elevation on the Drive is equally unhappy, in our estimate. The huge buttresses seem to smother the long windows, and there are the same restlessness and confusion in the detail.

Our relief when we stepped inside was great, for here is an interior of real beauty, in amazing contrast to the exterior. The great nave is simple: fine in proportions and treated with restraint and dignity; and the stained glass, Early Gothic in spirit, is gorgeous. One so seldom sees a new church completely equipped in this all-important respect. Usually there are windows filled with temporary and inexpensive glazing, to be more opulently furnished when the Church Board has tracked down and cornered its more solvent customers.

We are sorry we cannot bestow higher encomiums on the exterior, but we know what we like—and what we don't.

WHILE on this high backbone of Manhattan, we paused to inspect the enormous Cathedral of St. John the Divine, to the completion of which Bishop Manning is bending his inexhaustible energies. The west front, with its triple entrances, is rising daily, but it is difficult to appraise its design, as some of the detail is still "in the block," to be carved later. The immense nave, however, now stands revealed, and it is a superb thing, overwhelming in size. It will be even more impressive when the details of pavement, glazing, fixtures, and furnishings are installed. Moreover, at present the nave is temporarily boarded off from the transept, choir, and apse, so you see but a portion of the whole. When the various parts are unified, the total length will be over six hundred feet—more than three city blocks. Several more million dollars will be needed for completion.

A CHURCH that has always given us great joy is St. Bartholomew's, in Park Avenue. Its Romanesque style is said to be distinctly an architect's style, the inference being that its severe round arches and geometrical detail lack, for the layman, the appeal of the romanticism that came during the Gothic centuries. For us, however, St. Bartholomew's has always been quite satisfying, and now it has been made completely so by the installation of the dome which was part of Bertram Goodhue's original design.

When we last looked over St. Bartholomew's, it was in disarray. An astonishingly permanent-looking steel framework carried the materials and the masons engaged in the construction of the dome. This is now all cleared away. From without, the final feature

is in admirable harmony with the church as a whole. The tilework of the roof is vigorous and colorful. Its inner surface is carried by an intricate system of interlacing ribs—brown touched with gold—which crowns the intersection of nave and transepts. Dull red is used as a background and the total effect is richly sonorous and in perfect keeping with the fine interior.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S is at present bordered by two immense construction projects. South of it, the new Waldorf-Astoria is still partly sketched in steelwork. To the rear rises the new R. C. A. Building. This, happily, is being done in a salmon-colored brickwork and in a style which makes an excellent background for the church and its parish house. Altogether, this is one of the most interesting and picturesque corners in New York. —T-SQUARE

•

CONFESSION

It may be shameful to avoid
The apples of the unemployed
But, since they've been on every corner,
I have become an apple-scorner.
Snow, McIntosh, and Northern Spy
Are now as painful to my eye
As pencils and shoelaces were
When apples were uncommoner.
An antisocial state of things,
I know. It will not earn me wings.
But why, when wits were being
deployed
To get the unemployed employed,
Did no one, to whom things were clear,
Distribute, say, light wines and beer?
—RICHARD PECKHAM

•

I walked to the Ford ahead of time to see that all was in order. One of the fronts was flat and I should have to go home on it that way. This was no time to change, and it was not far.

When it was just about time to go, she stood by her library table, slender and beautiful to see. She had been halfway crying before this. Now she leaned her side against the table and cried silently. She could not say a word and had not for half an hour, and I said scarcely any myself. All of the lavender in her face was wet with tears. I kissed her time and again and she did not speak. She combed my hair with her fingers and brushed it back with her hands, and she kissed my lips over and over. The katydids, I told her, would be singing again next summer —singing their song of the two Warriors, and singing it to us.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

Come on, what about that flat tire?

MEN WHO KNOW FACES
prescribe it

A DOUBLE chin or a bulbous nose finds no place on the canvas of Pietro, portrait painter of paunchy plutocrats seeking to impress posterity. Pietro knows his paints but he also knows his faces. "A Valet shave and my brush will make a bloated 'big-shot' look like Apollo himself," says Pietro.

Pietro, face expert extraordinary, joins the vast and growing group of national authorities who use and recommend the super-keen Valet blade. Dermatologists—metallurgists—men who know faces and men who know steel—say this blade has no equal for quality and shaving comfort. Prove in your own bathroom the facts that hundreds of thousands already know. Try the world's foremost shaving combination. Put a triple-hardened Valet blade in the Valet AutoStrop Razor and shed your beard as easily as Winchell tosses a pun.

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656 First Ave., New York
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The new blade can be identified by the word "Valet" cut through the steel.

The NEW VALET
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who appears in recital
Saturday, December 6th
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THE ART GALLERIES

Fifteenth-Century Moderns—Another Opportunity—More or Less Mexican

THE Van Diemen Galleries have hung a show with some fine moderns, done way back in the fifteenth century. An exhibit of Venetian masters, it comes as a benediction in these harried times. It gives one a distinct sense of security to find that there was some pretty good painting being done even before the days of the American Academy.

The show holds examples of Venetian painting of the Renaissance and the period immediately following. Thus you have before you the inspiration of El Greco, during his Italian years, as well as the influences that shaped the early life of Corot and bore such marvellous fruit. We can stand for hours before the "St. Jerome" of Cima, Canale's "Palace of the Doges," or one of the canvases by Longhi. There is something in these interpretations that the Academicians have missed, and we are afraid always will miss.

It is a quietly satisfying show. We hope you see it.

TURNING abruptly from the sublime, we find ourselves in the second Opportunity Show of the season, at the Art Center. This one was chosen by Guy Pène du Bois, but it must be remembered that the judge is not always to blame: he can select only from the pictures submitted.

We found the array a little less stimulating than usual, the canvases being for the most part in low color tones. However, Warren Newcombe has undertaken a sort of Dufy technique and does very well with it; and Roderick F. Mead has a bold attack that is pleasing. We liked also the head by Francis J. Costa, the landscape of Vera M. Giger, the interior by E. Guck, and Sakari Suzuki's "Afternoon." As before, all of the pictures are to be sold to the highest bidders at the end of the show. You deposit your bid in a slot alongside the canvas you want.

ALSO at the Art Center there is a show (closing Saturday, November 29) which claims the distinction of being the first to be held here by a Mexican woman.

The painter, María Izquierdo, belongs to the dour school of art that cherishes the low tonal scale and the peasant viewpoint. We found the results rather dull and unnecessarily timid.

ANOTHER Mexican influence is to be seen at the Hackett Galleries: Tamiji Kitagawa. Here is a young Japanese who began his painting under the masters of Nippon, got sidetracked in New York, and then went kerplunk into Mexico. It is the last influence that seems to be the permanent one; at least it is his present style.

The combination of an Oriental viewpoint with the sluggish technique of the South produces some interesting results. The Japanese feeling for design is manifest in all of the canvases, and it is the ones that stress this virtue, such as "Farmyard" and "Flowers," that are the most successful. We think you will find Kitagawa amusing and worth your time.

DURAND-RUEL have a transient tenant in the person of George Waller Parker. This painter is a good example of the type that warms the hearts of the patriots. He started here at our own fount of inspiration, the Art Students' League, dwelt for some years in Paris, and now has come back to us whole and unsullied.

Parker has adopted a rich pigment and has a pleasing way of using all the canvas for his composition. We found his "Butterflies," a study of sailboats, the most satisfactory.

THE Balzac Galleries have a distinguished show of the drawings, lithographs, and water colors of Gavarni as part of their scheme to commemorate the centenary of Romanticism.

Though without the insight or vigor of Guy, Gavarni expressed the spirit of his time and has a place in the history of art. The show is for those who know their way about and who like to explore all the bypaths.

STILL another book comes along to discourage artists in a year when the army of unemployed needs no recruits. It is called "Modern American Painters" and is by Samuel M. Kootz.

The Gospel according to Samuel is a harsh one. Three Americans are selected as worthy of life; the rest are supposed to run out and drown themselves in the river, or in shame. As for ourself, we hope the laws as laid down by this prophet will not go into effect immediately: we have always held that the Americans will do fairly well as painters when the rest of the populace understands what they are trying to do. Mr. Kootz, however, puts all the blame on the poor painters and seems to think that the state (or lack of state) of American art and aesthetic appreciation is due to the boys' tendency to become refined. Before he writes his next book, we hope Mr. Kootz takes a flyer in show business and learns that, trite though it may sound, there is a tragic relation between supply and demand, known as "what the public wants." When the American public really wants American art (or say, twenty years after it does), there will be plenty of local talent to supply the need.

The pictures in the volume are excellently reproduced and the short autobiographical notes by the painters considered are informative.

HERE AND THERE: Mr. J. B. Neumann of the Art Circle has lent his collection of Modern German paintings to Adeline Atwater, who is holding a show of them at the Penthouse, S. P. R. Galleries, 40 East Forty-ninth Street. . . . Glenn O. Coleman is showing at the Downtown Gallery. . . . Marie Harriman has an exhibit of Edouard Goerg. . . . Paintings by Power O'Malley will be at the Milch Gallery, beginning December 1. . . . Esther Pressoir has oils, water colors, and prints at the Delphic Studios. . . . Herman Palmer is showing animal drawings at the Leonard Clayton Gallery. . . . There is an exhibition of animal bronzes at the Pearson Gallery of Sculpture. . . . Bourgeois has opened a beautiful new gallery at 123 East Fifty-seventh Street. . . . John Wells has a portrait show at the American Art Association-Anderson Galleries. . . . French etchings of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries are to be seen at Harlow, McDonald. —MURDOCK PEMBERTON

•

HO HUM DEPARTMENT

[*From the Times*]

The Lambeth Conference passed a resolution to the effect that there were certain circumstances in which limitation of families was permissible.

"I am speaking for myself," said the Anglican Primate . . .

What . . .

you have those What-price-night-club Blues too? Well, why don't you do as others do? After the theatre, pop your Beautiful Lady and yourself into a taxi, pop out again at the sign of the Roosevelt Hotel, and follow your ears to the Grill Room where Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians are going through their paces... After you've paid the check, you'll find plenty left over to make a date then and there for Tea Dancing next Saturday afternoon, or Dinner Dancing some evening soon, in the same attractive Grill Room, with the same suave music at your command.

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MUSICAL EVENTS

More About Mr. Toscanini—And About Pianists, This Time Two Ladies — New Pets and Old

CONDUCTORS who indulge in movements that have meanings of their own always are welcome morsels for reviewers. If Mr. A has a trick of steaming up the brasses, if Herr B likes to linger soulfully over an andante, if Professor C enjoys dragging "inner voices" into prominence, all is simple. Should it be that Doctor D is at his best in Beethoven, that Signor E manhandles Debussy, that Kapellmeister F knocks down the chandeliers with Tschaikowsky, the critic's job is equally elementary. Matters become complicated only when Mr. Toscanini arrives, for Mr. Toscanini has no musical mannerisms and does not step out only in certain specialties.

The advent of the Philharmonic-Symphony's leader invariably is a signal for fine writing. His performances are not to be analyzed by saying that he took the horn solo somewhat more rapidly than usual or that he made an effective pause before the allegro. Whatever he does is a unity, and although it is possible to seize on revealing detail, the detail itself does not explain the witchery of Toscanini. Result: one begins to hunt down superlatives, and before one knows it, one is comparing the conductor to mountain peaks and sunsets and unseen voices and other properties of fashionable adulatory verse. From Mr. Toscanini we get experiences rather than concerts, and experiences cannot be related in terms of technical comment. Nor, so far as I am concerned, in highly colored prose. I don't know how to write it, anyhow.

NOTHING has demonstrated so patently the quality of Mr. Toscanini as his publication of the C-minor symphony of Brahms. This work has served to introduce many a director to Carnegie Hall, and as Mr. Henderson has so shrewdly observed, no conductor ever has failed with it. With Mr. Toscanini, however, it is not a matter of success or failure; it is only a matter of the degree of his success, and in the Brahms symphony he achieved one of his miracles—he succeeded in convincing many of us that we were hearing this baton-beaten composition for the first time.

If I were to become profound and explain that he added pace to the opening measures, that he underlined subtly the dramatic content of the last movement, that he made the apparently anticlimactic jubilee which follows the famous theme of the last movement seem logical, I still would tell you nothing of value. Mr. Toscanini did not remove the academic beard of Brahms, but he did not conduct him as if he were a set of whiskers—and only a listener who has heard many purely tonsorial interpretations of the symphony will know what a feat that was. The symphony is capable of barking, of wheezing, of thundering with surprisingly good results, but Mr. Toscanini permitted it to sing. Perhaps that is the essence of his art—his devotion to orchestral cantillation.

ANOTHER first-rate pianist has joined the enormous group of keyboard experts who are entertaining us this fall. She is Harriet Cohen, a compatriot of Myra Hess, and like Miss Hess, she combines great digital proficiency with a simplicity of style that takes her directly into the music in hand. Her first recital program was not chosen felicitously, and before the afternoon wore out, there was a bit of restlessness in Town Hall; but Miss Cohen is worth hearing at any time, and I commend her to you for your future concertgoing plans. Miss Hess, by the way, also is with us, and her playing is more delightful than ever.

ONE performance of "Il Trovatore" introduced two newcomers to the Metropolitan: Mme. Faina Petrova, a Russian contralto, and Claudio Frigerio, a young baritone

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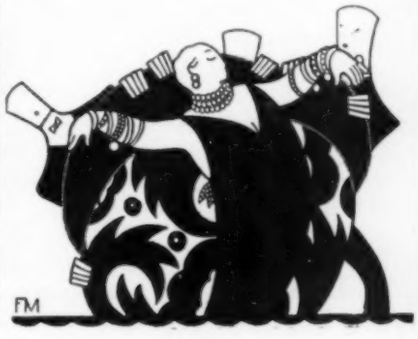
whose voice is astoundingly fresh. Mme. Petrova is a skillful singer and her acting is well out of the usual operatic routine. Mr. Frigerio sounds as if he would be of great value; in any event, it is a relief to have a new baritone who has not yet, like the unfortunate young lady in the old ballad, seen better days.

LEAPING from the singing of solo voices to the efforts of many, I commend to those who favor male choruses the Don Cossack troupe, which seems to be able to do anything that a body of singing men has to achieve. Probably you have heard of Mr. Jeroff, the diminutive conductor of this aggregation, and his whimsical trick of dodging behind his cohorts between groups. The Cossacks are a show, and a good one, if you happen to fancy choral maneuvers.

JASCHA HEIFETZ reappeared in recital. This sentence ought to be enough to inform you that there was such violin-playing as you don't hear except when Mr. Heifetz gets into Carnegie Hall. As an event, he now rates with the orchestras, for he starts at 8:45 and permits no entries while he is playing. Still, if you go to one of Mr. Heifetz' concerts, you ought to arrive on time, in your own interests as well as those of the harassed doormen.

FANCIERS of chamber music will be glad to know that still another quartet of quality is to hand: the Brosa Quartet, which made a fine first showing in the Guild Theatre. Not long ago there were laments that the fine art of matching up four-stringed instruments and their players was going out, but right now the town is gravid with quartets, almost all of them capable. The Brosas are in the "new" manner; they play with color and vivacity and they don't make the concert a bierside oration over the music.

When I mention string quartets I ought to add that the Aguilar Lute



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CONCERT-MUSIC RECORDS

Schumann's "Carnaval" —Spanish Music From Spain—Two of the Best

PROBABLY one album set of Schumann's "Carnaval" ought to be enough for any record-collector, but there is something to be said in favor of two. When I received the Godowsky discs of "Carnaval" from Columbia (Masterworks 145), I played them, side by side, as it were, with the Victor pressings of Rachmaninoff (Master Set 70). The process consumed a good deal of time and a quantity of needles, yet it served not only to mark the personalities of the pianists but to cast new light on the composition. Rachmaninoff plays it sharply, with crisply dramatic strokes; Godowsky takes it more poetically, with more repose. Rachmaninoff achieves some striking effects, touching even on the macabre, but Godowsky registers the wistful charm that the composition demands. If I were buying only one set of "Carnaval," I should select the Godowsky; but if I were a piano student and could afford the two albums, I should be happy to have them both.

MME. OLGA SAMAROFF is back with Debussy's "Cathédrale Engloutie" and the Lecuona Malagueña, issued by Victor (7304). The reproduction of the piano is clear and warm, and Mme. Samaroff plays two radically different works in two radically different styles—which means that she has nothing to fear either from pianists whom she has criticized or from critics for whom she plays the piano.

Another new piano recording of value is a doubling-up of two bits by Cyril Scott: his "Pensoso" and his "Caprice Chinois" (Columbia 2284-D). If you happen to be introducing someone to contemporary harmony, you might start with this record, for there are plenty of unusual progressions but none which is not logical.

THE orchestral records which have arrived in the past month include a singularly fascinating album of Spanish music, prepared by Columbia (Masterworks 146). There are two dances from De Falla's "Vida Breve," with chorus, made by the forces of the Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie in Brussels, the conductor being Maurice Bustin. The rest of the set is by the Madrid Symphony Orchestra, led by Señor Arbos, one of the ablest of recorders. The music is by Bretón, Albeniz, and Turina, and all of it is easy as well as profitable to listen to. Composers who are manufacturing *malagueñas*, *habañeras*, and other items for Spanish suites, will discover in these records that not all Spanish music sounds like "La Paloma" or the Moszkowski Spanish dances.

BY the way, the prize for melody and color goes to an assortment of Rumanian folk dances, harmonized by Bela Bartok and arranged for the violin by one Szekely. The violinist is Joseph Szigeti, who plays them magnificently, and the brilliant piano background emanates from Bartok himself. Columbia will sell this disc (2293-D) to you for seventy-five cents, and it's a real buy.

THE Victor Record-of-the-Month (7353) is a happy choice: The "Largo al Factotum" and "Eri Tu," both sung by Lawrence Tibbett. "Eri Tu" is good singing, but the "Largo" is a superlative affair, in which Tibbett outdoes anything that he has yet recorded. Although his "Eri Tu" is traditional, his "Largo" has several innovations, including a cadenza that I have not heard from any other baritone. Tibbett handles the patter with such pace that the orchestra barely catches him.

Even if you are weary of "Mon Cœur S'Ouvre à Ta Voix," from "Samson et Dalila," you will be amazed by the record which Sigrid Onegin has made of it for Victor, and the less familiar "Printemps Qui Commence," from the same opera, is just as effective. Mme. Onegin is a contralto whose voice ranges into the soprano register without loss of its lushness, and this record (7320) could also be a Record-of-the-Month. The fortunate sponsor is Victor. —R. A. S.

•

Samuel J. Collins, who was able to buy only one sheep when he came to Australia, left a $4,000,000 estate when he died.—*El Paso Times.*

He should have bought a guinea pig.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

TRAFFIC

WE called on First Deputy Commissioner Philip Hoyt, talked for an hour or so about the traffic situation, and came away with that unhappy thing, a reasonable attitude. Being reasonable about traffic has no more actual sense than being reasonable about a neighbor's loudspeaker bellowing the inanities of Amos and Andy. Perhaps, indeed, "resigned" is a better word.

Consider the disheartening bunker that the police experts face whenever they buckle down to a study of the miserable situation. Thousands of individuals avoid ownership of motorcars because travel in them through the choked streets is so uncertain. If, at long last, the police actually found some magical device to ease the pressure and make cars move a little faster, these thousands would be encouraged to buy automobiles themselves—and the influx of new cars would instantly absorb the little space that had been cleared.

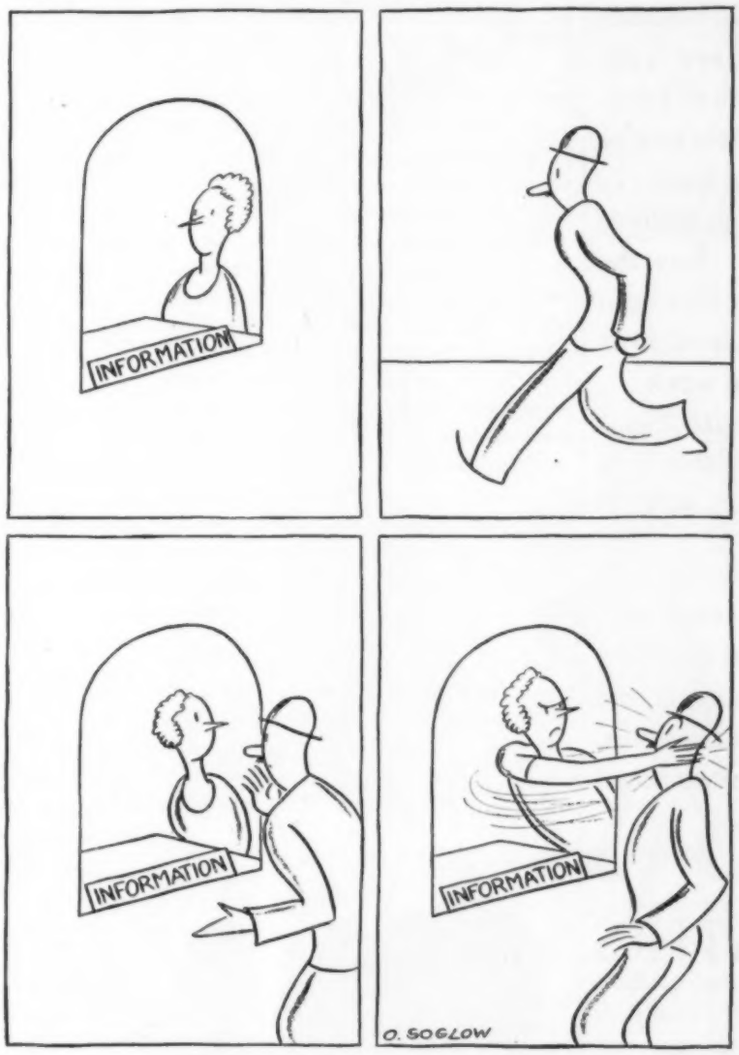
Yet our worthy servants labor on. In the face of an almost complete hopelessness they grow enthusiastic over this new plan or that, one fresh small trick or another, and make reports that surprisingly enough have a good deal of sense in them. For example, a survey was made over a considerable period to learn the number of cars that were parked at a given time in lower Manhattan—south, that is to say, of Sixty-first Street. In all that territory, something less than forty thousand is the maximum number of cars that can be parked against the curb. Parking, obviously, is the chief obstacle to the steady movement of traffic streams. And from this survey it may be seen that the even million automobiles which are registered in the city are constantly held up by a small percentage of the total—forty thousand cars which block the streets.

The only conceivable solution is the construction of parking garages at close intervals, and abandonment of the public way as a free parking space. Yet this involves prodigious expense, which must be borne in the end by the motorist. Even a small parking fee would become a burden to the man making calls in many parts of the city during a day.

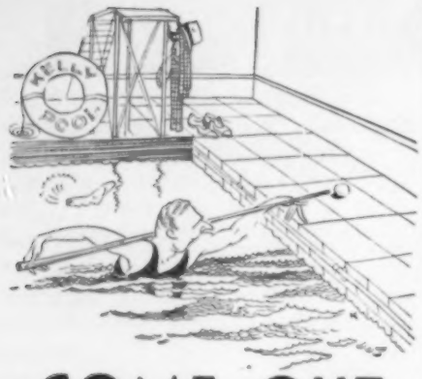
A SECOND serious obstacle to moving traffic is the great amount of sidewalk loading of trucks that is carried on in every part of the city. A bill is now under consideration which would require every new building to have a loading space under its own roof, clear of the street, and establish time limits wherein old buildings may be reconstructed to provide loading platforms within their property boundaries.

It is, however, the sheer volume of the moving streams of vehicles which creates the insolvable difficulty. Getting back to the good old busiest-corner statistics, we discover that thirty-five thousand cars pass Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street every day, and that forty-three thousand somehow honk their way through the intersection of Park Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street. But it came as a blank surprise to me to learn that the busiest corner in the city is at the junction of Ocean Parkway and Fort Hamilton Parkway in Brooklyn—an intersection I never heard of before—where nearly sixty thousand cars crowd through between seven in the morning and seven in the evening of every weekday.

Pondering such a figure as that last, one grows aware that the congestion is not a thing of crowded centres—of Fifth Avenue, where the shops are, or West Street, where the steamship trucks must go. It has spread to the remotest corners of the town, and as the pressure on the outskirts grows more insistent, circulation is more sternly cramped toward the heart. Fifty-six thousand cars a day pour through the Holland tube. Ninety thousand a day fight their gloomy course over the Queensboro Bridge. What once was an infection local to Fifth Avenue has affected the whole body of the city, to the furthest street in the furthest borough.



Under the influence of such statistics, my pet irritations seem wholly inconsequential. It is even difficult, now, to grow very bitter over the empty limousines that crawl through Fifth Avenue under the direction of chauffeurs without nerves—or that mill about the confused blocks waiting for Madame to finish her shopping in a given store. If they weren't cluttering up Fifth Avenue, they probably would be



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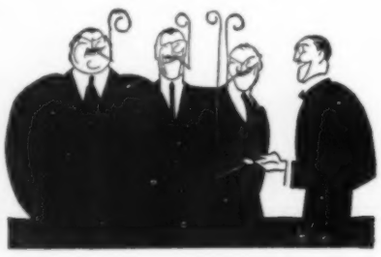
blocking things out in Maspeth, or helping to build up a traffic jam in Irene Boulevard.

THE tentative solution rests with control at intersections and experimentation with signal lights. There are now about sixty-five hundred intersections under control, either with lights, officers, or both, and new lights are being put up every day. Three thousand policemen work steadily to keep traffic moving. A great deal has been done with the manipulation of lights in recent months, and much more is to be done within a little while.

The stagger system on crosstown traffic has been quite successful west of Fifth Avenue, and it has also proved a boon in Central Park West, the only north-south thoroughfare on which it has been tried. Indeed, it has worked out so well there that by a slow process it will be applied to the whole city. By January 1, staggered lights will be working in Fifth Avenue—the theory being that a car might start out from Washington Square and by maintaining an even rate of speed reach Mt. Morris Park without once stopping for lights. From Fifth Avenue the new lighting system will be extended gradually; and if the enthusiasm of the Police Department means anything at all, there will be an end of halts for the red light after next year.

If this pleasant notion becomes a reality, the experts may at least pause for breath until the increase in the number of cars, stimulated by the improvement, chokes off movement again and new ingenuities are demanded. They would like, most of all, to work out some system to curb overtime parking in congested areas. Up to this writing, they have had practically no success with the enforcement of one-hour parking rules. A hundred policemen working constantly in the midtown region, handing out summons tickets and warning cards, simply got nowhere. Their most zealous labors made no impression at all upon the huge number of violations that occur every day. They have been mounted on horses, now, and hope to do a little better. Plenty of authority has been



given them, and to their credit they are using it with a dash of sober intelligence. They are dealing more in reasonable arguments and flat commands than in the issuance of tickets, and for some vague reason this has a profounder effect upon New York drivers.

Indeed, nearly everyone must have observed, in late days, an astonishing tendency on the part of the traffic cops to be understanding and even sympathetic. I neglected to inquire of Commissioner Hoyt what part this might play in his scheme, but everything has been worked out so carefully that it must be a deliberate thing, for a deliberate purpose. Perhaps it is because there are fewer policemen in the midtown district. The urgent need for traffic officers to get things under control in the outlying districts has thinned the ranks of the Manhattan force, and a reduction of numbers is likely to lead to a more conciliatory attitude.

THE old puzzle that concerns one-way traffic on the avenues is receiving its perennial consideration, chiefly because the majority of the fifty thousand suggestions that reach the Department every year insist that it be thought over. But nothing can be done about it. On all of the principal avenues there are transit lines of one sort or another—buses, trams—which hold franchises for operation in two directions. The one-way movement of motor-cars will be impossible, in Mr. Hoyt's opinion, so long as the public conveyances move in two directions.

Also, the old puzzle of what to do with the pedestrians is growing more acute. For after all there are more pedestrians than motor vehicles, and their difficulty in getting about is becoming more strenuous every day. At such points as the Grand Central Terminal, for example, the movement of motor traffic must be subsidiary to the movement of the half-million pedestrians who congregate in the zone morning and afternoon. Accident prevention is a constant challenge. It has been met fairly well. Proportionately, the number of motor accidents in New York is quite well below the rest of the country, though Heaven only knows what a man's life is worth in Los Angeles, where they kill twice as many in ratio to the population.

WE come back, in this our occasional survey of the traffic puzzle, to our original findings. To wit, that the work of the Police Department is

very good but that it is all tentative—that the solution it seeks is a tentative solution. The ultimate thing is the Sunday-supplement city. A few more lights, a few more cops, a new fashion of staggering the traffic, a few garages built in odd corners on the less expensive real estate—these are excellent for tomorrow, but there is nothing final about them. Not without trepidation and a little sigh of weariness, our old prophecies come back once more to haunt us: of a city with subterranean ways, of lofty roads on stilts, of fantastically contrived thoroughfares that have but a single virtue; to wit, that they are thoroughfares only, with neither shops nor pedestrians nor cops nor flocks of gay maidens chattering along their way to distract the motorist from reaching the destination he set out for.

—Morris Markey

•

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  Were never funny;

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  Would be more placid
If their wives
  Were never acid;

Stolid men
  Might grow ecstatic
If their wives
  Were less dramatic.

Silence is
  A point to score on,
Too much talk
  Betrays the moron.

—Angela Cypher

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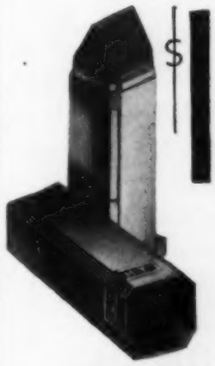

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PARIS LETTER

PARIS, Nov. 19

WHILE the United States contented itself with merely electing Democrats as a form of political mayhem, the Chamber of Deputies opened here with a free-for-all fight. In the mêlée, M. Marsais (Socialist) was seriously cut when a journalist was tossed through a handsome bay window. MM. Aymard (Nationalist) and Sennep (Political Cartoonist) had to be rushed through the gardens by the Garde (Républicaine) in order to save them from their fray with the Marxians, in which eyes were blacked, derbies smashed, canes broken, and a solid gold fountain pen lost by the chief clerk (Innocent Bystander). Tardieu's government opened with a strong majority in support, and it is probably going to need it, oratorical debates on foreign policy and local finance being what they are.

The Nationalist majority is also strengthened by the Right Centralists, who are definitely committed to aid Tardieu, except, of course, when they decide that they won't. Further confusion is contributed by the presence of a hundred Socialists, about a hundred Radicals, and a smaller lot who are not quite decided what they are and call themselves Radical-Socialists to be sure. There are also an august group of a dozen headed by Briand and called Socialist-Republicans because they are neither, and a scattering of Communists plus factional cartels which sometimes have a roster of as much as five men when the group is at full strength.

THOUGH one of Germany's new silver marks, with the inscription "The Rhine is Germany's river, not Germany's frontier," was passed around the Chamber the opening day and earned a ninety-minute speech of reproof, the war talk, in public, has died down. In private everyone knows someone who knows someone who knows a general who's in the know and who's going to order one dozen new service uniforms, two trench coats, two extra pairs of pantaloons, and twelve new shirts—tomorrow. No one, however, seems to know exactly where the general lives, least of all the military tailors, who are the most excited by such a rumor.

DESPITE its having been built by the Rothschilds, despite its reputedly having the most complicated array of stage machinery of any theatre in Europe, the Pigalle has never had anything worth while until now, a play which many level-headed first-nighters regard as a splendid failure by Jules Romains. Certainly "Donogoo" gives the fashionable spectators opportunity to witness a fantasy with a corking idea and watch the Pigalle's famous elevator-stages slide up and down, and even out at them, in the big moments. But in spite of scenery that works in slots and shunts itself on and off the set on little tracks, the piece is long and slow. It starts at eight-thirty but doesn't get going until eleven, nor does it end till after twelve.

However, the audience stays to the bitter end; bitter, indeed, and the only morbid note in the whole light-hearted show. The theme is ironic. A gold-brick promoter offers to sell stock in the corporation of a nonexistent Brazilian city called Donogoo-Tonka. All over the world, adventurers and investors bite at the idea. Forced at last to voyage out to his mythical metropolis, the astounded promoter finds that it really exists, built overnight by the credulous stockholders, who, to escape death in the wilds, had made his lie come true. So the promoter becomes their emperor. In the late seventies, a Breton baron, aptly named Bonaventure de Breil, actually turned the Romains trick in a Pacific isle, but what is comedy to audiences now was tragedy to him, and he died in jail.

"Donogoo," with all its twenty-five tableaux, will surely die soon in some theatrical storage-house. For it is one of those marvellous theatrical ideas which read so well and play so ill; one of those ideas of genius which have to be seen not to be believed in.

The original of "Donogoo" was a book of the same title, written by Romains in the form of a cinema scenario, not to be filmed but to be read. At the Pigalle it now appears as a talkie, not to be reeled but to be acted. Probably it would have been better to give it to H. G. Wells in the first place and let him make a novel of it.

THE opening at the Petit Palais of the Tuck Art Collection, which Mr. Edward Tuck donated to Paris, was one of those rare Franco-American-amity acts which really do both the

French and the Americans some good. It probably even helped amity. Certainly it helped the five Boucher Beauvais tapestries by dragging them from a Louis XV storeroom where they had been lost for so long that presidents had come to the throne of France in the meantime. The most grandiloquent of the five represents "Psyche Being Led by Zephyr into the Palace of Love," and a delightful house Cupid seems to keep, crowded with rugs, columns, nymphs, and marble steps, one of which bears the painter's shortened signature, "Bouche."

Aside, however, from the various objects that go to form the collection and illustrate the elegance of Mr. Tuck's taste, their arrangement should be mentioned. Many European museums can boast similar or almost the same fine pieces; perhaps none can equal the perfect placing which the Tuck items so thoroughly enjoy. It marks a new standard for museum aesthetics.

A TREAT for mathematicians and musicians was offered at the Salle Pleyel in its symphony orchestra's performance of Bach's "Die Kunst der Fuge." The eighteen counterpoints, three canons, and the unfinished nineteenth fugue, the one that ends on the notes "b," "a," "c," "h" (*si* flat, *la*, *ut*, *si* natural), had been given here last winter, but news gets around so slowly that the recent second audition was attended like a first.

It is, of course, too late to say openly whether one likes Bach's fugues or not, but it cannot be too early to announce the extraordinary pleasure felt by hundreds at the four-voice "Counterpoint XVII" for clavecins, and played both *rectus* and *inversus*; and the three-voice "Counterpoint XVI" for flute, English horn, and bassoon, and also played first right side up, then upside down. Had there only been a crab fugue in the lot, the concertgoers' education would have been complete. —GENÊT

•

Peter B. Kyne finds in the Flexible Pennsylvania Schedule a train that exactly meets his requirements.—*Adv. in the Times.*

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•

Turning the corner, the gigantic skeleton of New York's newest and the world's highest building comes into view. —*The Herald Tribune.*

It naturally would.

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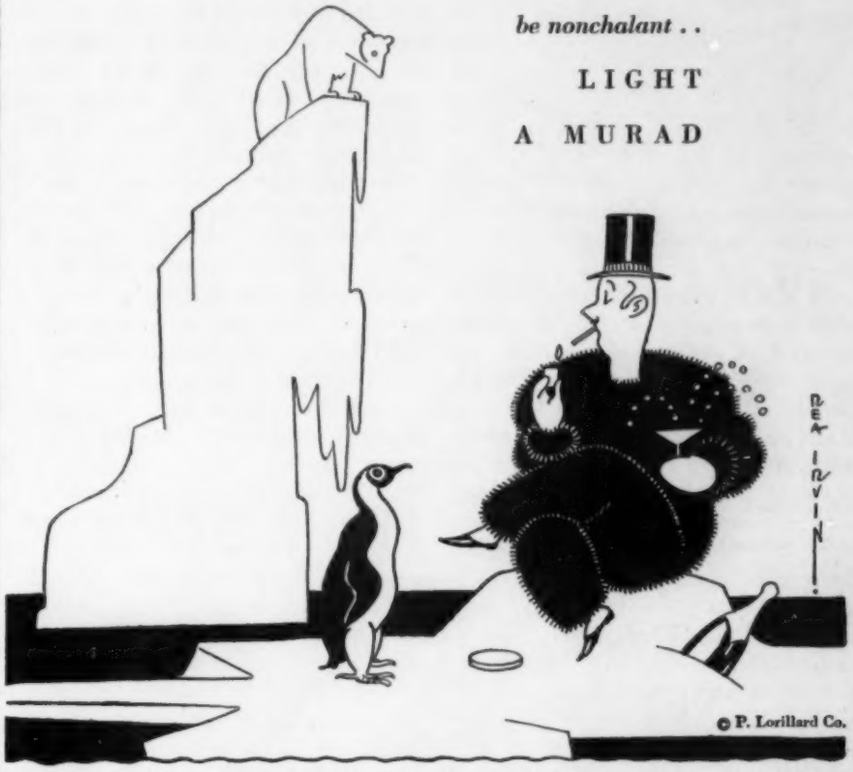

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RECENT BOOKS

Arnold Bennett—Youth's Tragedy—Southern Girl—
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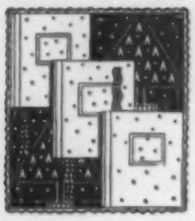

ONE can imagine the pleasure with which Mr. Arnold Bennett set about the task of writing "Imperial Palace." For Mr. Bennett had a Good Idea, a snappy, tricky, salable idea, and one filled with infinite possibilities. "I will sing of the glories of the modern luxury hotel," he must have said to himself. "I shall study the soul of a hotel-manager, delve into the temperaments of chefs, waiters, and night clerks, and I shall disclose the romantic life of efficient housekeepers. In short, I shall create a small kingdom and allow it to evolve its own drama and romance."

So here is a book which isn't, if you want to be snippy about it, a novel that in any way approaches greatness, but which is enlivening reading. You are introduced to Mr. Evelyn Orcham, grand panjandrum of the Imperial Palace, early on a fall morning when he is about to embark, in company with his meat-buyer, on a shopping tour of Smithfield Market. He is waylaid by the dashing Gracie Savott, daughter of a vulgarly rich man who has ideas about acquiring the Imperial Palace for his own. Gracie also has ideas about acquiring the elegant Mr. Orcham for herself.

Mr. Orcham is a very busy man and Mr. Bennett is put to it to provide a gracious leisure for romance in his life. Besides, Mr. Bennett, like Mr. Orcham, is more interested in the Imperial Palace than he is in Gracie. The author allows his story, which he probably subconsciously recognized as a rather second-rate thing, to lapse for chapters and devotes himself to explaining the wonders of the kitchens, boiler-rooms, laundries, bars, and restaurants of the very first-rate Imperial Palace.

All this sightseeing is quite O.K. with me. Like Mr. Bennett, I prefer to interest myself in the small difficulties of Violet Powler, the perfect housekeeper, rather than in the futilities of Gracie Savott, who is merely another one of those unconventional modern girls. The actual plot of "Imperial Palace" is a perfunctory evil; Mr. Bennett has something better to do than to tell a story. Not only has he envisioned the Imperial Palace so perfectly, down to its last detail, that you feel that you would know the place if you were to step into its lobby, but he has also done something vastly superior to mere reporting. He has caught the exact spirit of persons who are acutely and constantly conscious of working for an organization that is the greatest thing of its kind in the world. Mr. Bennett feels very clearly that peculiar combination of superiority and selfsacrifice that actuates what is known as "flawless service" and "perfect system." It is this picture of a certain type of mind—it is really the upper-servant mind—that makes the book a superior and conscientious piece of work.

HELEN GRACE CARLISLE has a way of driving me either to fury or to ecstasies. With "See How They Run" she maddened me. After "Mothers Cry" I was willing to rate her with Ernest Hemingway. And now comes "Together Again," and I am once again troubled about the future of Miss Carlisle. The story concerns a boy and a girl who fall in love and are tortured by sex repressions. The girl goes to France with a medical unit, and becomes the mistress of a doctor. The boy also goes to Europe, and is shot as a Communist.

Now this tragedy of youth, which is at core an infinitely touching one, is told with that strange, jerky, black-and-white quality that pervades German films. The characters are symbols —and automatons; the events are withdrawn from the recognizable background of life and thrust into an artificial, strained light. Miss Carlisle can work up tremendous climaxes; her meeting between the doctor and the young boy is immensely moving and most dramatically presented. There is a hysterical, shrieking quality about her work that sometimes sways you and sometimes repels you. Anyway, of all the new school, Miss Carlisle is cer-

"Kin I help ya, sir?"

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tainly the best craftsman, and you feel that, somewhere in her future, there is even a better novel than "Mothers Cry."

YOU are on sure ground again when you turn to Isa Glenn's novel, "A Short History of Julia." Miss Glenn is adroit and charming, and while she, too, writes a novel about a moral turning point, she does not lose her poise about it. This book is a story of a Southern girl—from Georgia, to be exact—who has been reared in the old tradition. Julia is still shackled by petticoats in an era when girls are abandoning ruffles; she is surrounded by Negro servants who are still looked upon as slaves by their employers. Julia, trained to play a part in romance, is thrust into a sex drama. And, for a contrapuntal theme, the younger colored folk around her insist on stepping out of the parts assigned to them by Southern authority.

It is a good novel, one rich in character and color, and one that pushes on quite definitely to its point. There is in it some gentle mockery of the South and much trenchant criticism of that attribute in Southern character which James Branch Cabell so aptly named "the rivet in Grandfather's neck."

BECAUSE of "The Story of San Michele," we now have "Memories and Vagaries," a reprinting of stories and essays by Dr. Axel Munthe that were first published in London in 1898. Unless the date of the first printing were given on the book, you would never guess the age of these sketches. Which merely proves again that a fine mind and a clear pen never notice the touch of time. I like Dr. Munthe's feeling for vagabonds—particularly Italians—for animals, children, and mountains. His adventure on Mont Blanc is really a charming thing to read about; and those chapters about Capri are worth getting the book for, particularly the descriptions of dogs enmeshed in the tropical *dolce far niente*.

"FADS, FRAUDS AND PHYSICIANS," by T. Swann Harding, for all the professional, almost textbook, tone of it, is ideal reading for those with a hypochondriac strain. It is a book that verifies your suspicions. Mr. Harding accuses the medical profession of being medieval; he takes some wicked thrusts at medical etiquette. Some of the finer points of his argument appealed to me

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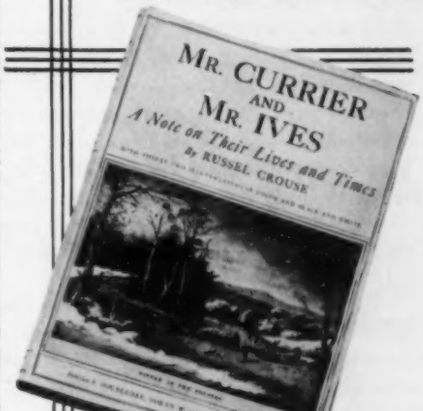

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most. After all, why should a doctor keep a patient waiting an hour, after the patient has been most careful to make an appointment? And why should prescriptions from a drugstore vary, not only in the strength of their ingredients, but in their price?

ZONA GALE'S new book, "Bridal Pond," is a collection of short stories—all, naturally, very good, if you like the small-town scene. Miss Gale is excellent when she is writing about the minor agitations of church sociables or about ladies who are worried about whether or not the groceries will be delivered on time. —A. W. S.

• •

LET us start away back in ancient Rome, the book we have to consider being "Nero, the Singing Emperor of Rome," by Arthur Weigall. Mr. Weigall sets out to prove that Nero was not the demoniac fiend he is traditionally made out to be, that he didn't burn Rome, slaughter Christians, poison wives, etc., just for the fun of the thing. All this, of course, will be no news to many. For a long time, historians have been busy toning down the lurid colors in which early Christian writers depicted him, so that now the story of the Emperor fiddling while the city burned has been pretty definitely placed among other tales of the nursery. But it has been a stubborn legend, probably because we all heard it in our credulous childhood, and although Mr. Weigall's argument suffers somewhat for want of any very tangible opponent, he succeeds in making a very good case of it, nevertheless. Going a step further, however, he sets out to prove the contention that Nero's great difficulty lay in the fact that he was primarily an artist, and even a great artist, rather than a ruler. He follows, one feels, this thesis with a little too full a cry, letting his own conjectures run as they will, while rebuking those of others contrary to his opinion. So much for the argument of the book, which isn't, to me at least, its principal interest anyway; rather it is the fluent picture given of life in those gaudy days. Mr. Weigall writes crisply and well; picks his way with taste and with great good humor through the morass of madness and sensuality in which these gilded Romans lived; and has sufficient power to give a very telling account of such a tragic comedy as the murder of Agrippina. I think you'd be interested.

While we're still wavering between B.C. and A.D., let me just mention "Sport in Classic Times," by A. J. Butler, Litt.D., Fellow of Brasenose College, Oxford. I would recommend it only to those who follow the hunt and have a taste for literary curiosities. To such, the learned doctor's delvings into classical authorities for information as to how armed and how geared they followed the stag in the ancient day may prove very amusing.

GOING now in an easterly direction and up a few centuries, we come to India. One of the curious phenomena of today is the sudden conclusion to which almost all book publishers have apparently come: that we are filled with a furious interest in what is happening to the Hindu peoples. Supposing that some of us really are, we have some four or five recent publications to choose from.

There is, first, "Disillusioned India," by Dhan Gopal Mukerji. He wrote "A Son of Mother India Answers"—you know whom. This is in the form of a series of letters, chronicling a recent visit to his native land, during which he saw one of the salt demonstrations, talked with a number of Indian leaders, and meditated a great deal, achieving almost a complete mental stasis on the questions involved. His writing has a pleasant homely flavor, but leaves you with the feeling of having got nowhere toward a solution, which is perhaps the proper philosophical attitude.

"A Marriage to India" is by Frieda Hauswirth, an American painter who married a Hindu and went with him to live in India. She tried to teach Hindu cooks something about American ideas of cleanliness, painted a portrait of Gandhi, and finally, on a sugar plantation in the upper jungles, found that the whole thing, including her marriage, was no go. Except for the fact that it's a little too heavy in detail, her account is interesting, if you have an interest in India to start with.

"Voiceless India" is by Gertrude Emerson. She, too, visited Gandhi (one feels that one of the great penalties of being a prophet must be that people are always dropping in on you in search of material), rode pickaback on an elephant, built herself a bungalow—called The Happy House—in a native village, mingled with the populace, got a lot of data. It's not really so circusy as I am making out; rather it is purely a travel book; no propaganda, but plenty about native weddings, the local constabulary, etc.

One more: "The Case for India," by Will Durant. Dr. Durant, in gathering facts for his projected "History of Civilization" (for which, the publishers inform us, his admirers must wait a year longer), chanced upon India and was struck, but not speechless, by what he found there. The book is purely polemical, a furious and sweeping denunciation of everything that England is doing and has ever done in that unfortunate land; an arraignment only slightly mitigated by the fact that when the fireworks are over he permits England to state, or rather states for her, the distressingly pragmatical reasoning by which she justifies holding on. It looks like war with England, boys, and we'll have only Will Durant to blame, for there's no denying that he does make the famous British policy of "successive steps" toward the enfranchisement of India look like a very backward march indeed.

WELL, that brings us pretty much up to our own times. We have "Paris," a photographic survey of that city by Mario V. Bucovich, with an introduction by Paul Morand offering the artist somewhat tempered praise. The photographs are good, but not exciting; a faint flavor of the picture post card lies over them all. I'd say, if the Atget collection of photographs is ever to be published, to wait for them.

"Mr. Currier and Mr. Ives" is by Russel Crouse; in it there are thirty-two reproductions of the famous lithographers' work, together with a running commentary by Mr. Crouse, giving a racy, if once or twice too consciously witty, account of the times and manners which they pictorialized. The Currier & Ives prints, as he very justly points out, vary a great deal in quality. But he has chosen among the best, and many—as, say, "Central Park, the Winter," and "Peytona and Fashion"—are completely charming. It's a book well worth having.

Entirely by the way, there is "Twenty-one Americans," by Niven Busch, Jr., if you want a collection of his "Profiles": Paul Whiteman, Henry Ford, David Belasco, etc., done originally for THE NEW YORKER.

—R. M. C.

•

EDINBURGH, Scotland, Sept. 22.—The annual output of Scotch whisky is to be cut 25 per cent.—*Detroit Times.*

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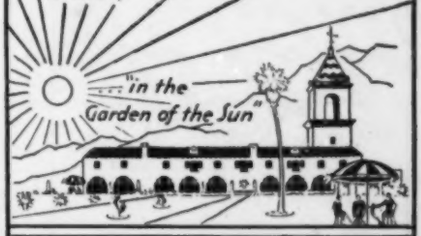

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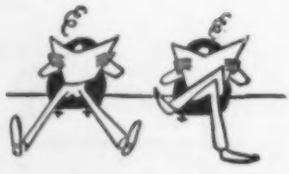

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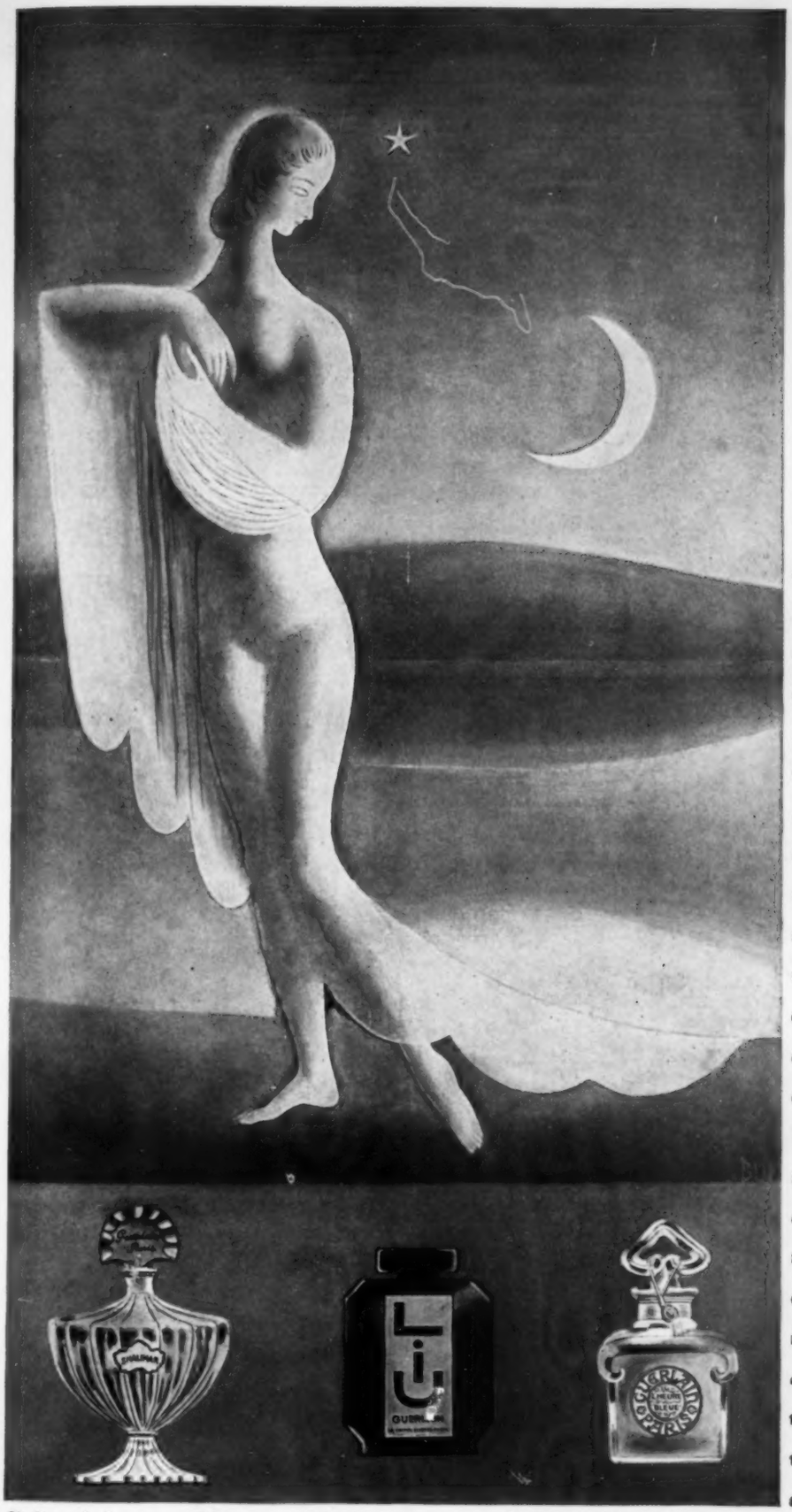

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